

But the "Weekly Dispatch" Is the Best of the Batch.

1/2d.

# Daily Mirror

Your Photograph  
beautifully  
reproduced  
as a . . .  
MINIATURE.  
(See page 6.)

No. 332.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## PLUM PUDDINGS FOR AN AFRICAN KING.



Enormous quantities of Christmas puddings and sweets are being sent this week to the Alake of Abeokuta. The top photograph shows some of the dainties, the middle one the Alake, who will eat them, and the bottom view is a pile of eatables ready for dispatch to him. He pays for them in palm oil and mahogany logs. They will be carried 700 miles inland.—(Vandyk.)

## COL. LE ROY LEWIS, D.S.O., FIRE HERO.



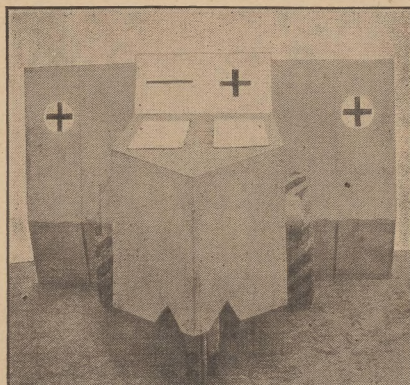
His residence, Westbury House, near Petersfield, burned down in the middle of the night. Colonel Lewis showed great bravery in saving the lives of his wife and children. Jane Henley, an aged servant, died of fright during the fire, and several persons were injured.

## THE QUEEN'S SKATES.



They are of beautiful design, and include specially warm coverings for the boots.

## MOTOR AMBULANCE, TRIED YESTERDAY.



The first photograph shows the ambulance with its bullet-proof front. The second shows the wounded men perfectly sheltered on the other side. The machine is constructed by the Ivel Agricultural Company, makers of motor-ploughs and other improved automobile appliances.





## DAILY BARGAINS.

**L**ARGE Assortment of new and second-hand Leather Trunks to be sold cheap.—Wenters, 107, Charing Cross-  
rd. W.C.

**MUSIC for the Million.**—Why buy inferior pirated music? Authorised Piano Selections of "El Capitan," "Ora Pro Nobis," "Hill's March," "Children's Home," "Broken Melody," "Killarney," and 200 others; 3d. each, post.

free; 1,000 free; 1d.; send 2 stamps for 10 Popular Songs (music and words) and lists.—O. Billing, 746, Holloway-rd., London, N.

**NEW PLATED TABLEWARE FOR OLD.**—Repeating of every description done efficiently, promptly, and cheaply. Send us sample spoon or fork, and we will resilver it free of cost, and return it with an estimate for any quantity you may require.—The Electro Depositing Co., Barnsbury Works, Barnsbury-st., N.

**NINE** Dozen decorated, enamelled children's Mugs 7s. 6d.

**N**INE DOZEN decorated, enamelled children's mugs, 3s. per dozen; half-price; perfect.—Merston, Coventry-st., Southam, Warwick.

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**OLD ENGLISH STAMPS** from 1841: 25,000 only 4s.

**OLD ENGLISH SHIRTS**, from 1842, 25,000, only 4s., wonderful bargain.—Pearson, 8; Dorset-rd., Newsham Park, Liverpool.

**PATCHWORK.**—Beautiful silks, large assorted parcels, &c.  
—Madam, 6, William-cottages, Leyton-sq, Peckham.

POSTCARD Collectors can have a beautifully-coloured collection of Castles, Abbeys, Cathedrals, Views, etc.

for 2s. 6d. P.O.—W. Walton, 4, Rossindal-rd, Hounslow, Middlesex.

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**PRIVATE Christmas Cards.** 1s. dozen; fashionable special designs.

Watkins, Upper-st. Islington.

1s. 3d.—Postal orders to 2, Carmelite-st., London, E.C.

R cloths, 65in. square, 2s. 1ld.; snowy Apron linen, 36in. wide, 7½d. yard; dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. dozen; samples post free.—Hutton's, 81, Larne, Ireland.

**STAMPS.**—Russian, China, Corea, Dominica, British Guiana, Honduras, Charkari, Crete, Holkar, Bogota, Venezuela, Fiji, Levant, Macao, Peru, Colombia, Western

**START** Saving Your Money To-day in the "London Maga-

zine Savings Bank—the most ingenious mechanical money-box ever invented; it is so cleverly devised that once you start saving you are obliged to keep it up. The most sensible Christmas gift on the market. On sale at Messrs.

W. H. Smith and Son's and Messrs. Willing's book-shalls, at all ironmongers and fancy goods stores, and from the Novelty Department X., 12 and 13, Broadway, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C. Price 1s. or 1s. 2d. by post.

**WIFE'S HANDBOOK**, by late Dr. Arthur Allbutt; invaluable advice to parents; 360th thousand; 7d. post free; sealed envelope—Andrew White, Pilgrim-st. London.

"WIFE'S HANDBOOK," by late Dr. Arthur Allbutt; invaluable advice to parents. 360th thousand.

7d., post free, sealed envelope.—W. Sydney, 10, Green-st., Leicester-sq., London, W.C.

EMANUEL, 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD,  
NR. KENNINGTON PARK AND OVAL ELECTRIC  
RAILWAY STATIONS.  
NOTE ADDRESS 31, CLAPHAM ROAD

PAWNBROKERS' UNREDEEMED EMPORIUM AND  
BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION.  
CLEARANCE SALE, COLOSSAL VALUE. Approval be-

**BARGAIN.**—12s. 6d. **MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS.**  
Elegant rich dark Sable Hair Duchesse Alexandra

**SILVER HALL-MARKED MOUNTED TABLE CUT-  
LERY:** 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers, and

**A** 1 QUALITY SPOONS and FORKS; complete service; 12 each table and dessert spoons and forks 12 tea

**FISH KNIVES and FORKS;** handsome case, 6 pairs silver

price, 16s. 6d.; companion case Dessert, 16s. 6d.; elaborate case Fish Carvers, 8s. 6d.; approval.

**TABLE LINEN; BANKRUPTCY STOCK; UNPREPARED**

cloths, 2 3yd. ditto and 12 Serviettes, lot only 25s. 6d.  
guaranteed Irish manufacture; approval.

**CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET**, 18-carat gold

**E**XCEEDINGLY HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIN  
18-ct. gold (stamped, filled; latest style; reduced price

**VALUABLE OLD VIOLIN**; mellow tone; labelled Strada  
varius Cremona, 1700; with brass-mounted case, how

LADY'S ELEGANT SILK UMBRELLA; 9s. 6d.; 7in deep silver hair-marbled chased handle, fox's frame unsoiled; approval.

EMANUEL D.M., DEPT. (only address), 31, CLAPHAM  
ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENNING  
TON GATE.

58. SHEET Foreign Stamps (catalogue prices), 1s. 6d.  
Luiz Santos, Hamlet-gardens, W.

QD. buys 25 artistic Picture Postcards, including Xmas postcards, sent free; no rubbish.—Publisher, 6, Grafton-sq., Clapham.

**Wanted to Purchase.**  
**OLD** Postage Stamps (used or unused); King's head

**B**EATALLI, white Remnant Parcels: 1s. 3d. each, damaks, linens, cambrics, longcloth.—23. Beath, Rushmore, W. 100.

**C**OLLECTION 650 Foreign Stamps in beautifully illustrated album: price 10s. 6d., free—Fox, Pearl, Portsmouth.

**" DAILY MIRROR " FOUNTAIN PEN**—Sold for 2s. 6d. to advertise the " Daily Mirror. Makes an ideal Christmas gift.—Can be seen and obtained at 45, New Bond Street, W. 1. Also at Messrs. Gurney and Sons' local stall; or, post free, 2s. 7½d. from " Daily Mirror," 2, Cannon Street, E.C. 4.

**" DAILY MIRROR " MINIATURES** sold to advertise the " Daily Mirror.—Your Miniature limited in water-colours for 6s. 1d. post free. Christmas gift order for 10s. 6d. post free. Also for 10s. 6d. post free. Also to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress together with P.O. for 5s. 1d., to be crossed Guineo and Co., Artists, 10, Pall Mall, W. 1.

**D**INING-ROOM SET in Lestherie, Couch 25s., Gent., Easy-chair 17s., Ladies' Easy-chair 16s., 6 same sitting Chairs 42s.; the lot 145s.—Call and see samples at The Furniture Warehouse, 135, Upper-lie, Ilchester (Opposite Agricultural Hall).

**E**ASY-GOING PENS—Try box of 10, 7 stamps.—Booth, Marché Stationery Co., Maidenhead.

**F**URNITURE—Lady sacrifices Leather Suite 135 15s. Large Overmantel 10s., 8 sideboard 13s 15s., oil and Brass 10s., 2 chairs 10s., 2 chairs 10s., 2 chairs 10s., Brass and Cutch 50s., and contents 40 rooms.—Call, a day, 10, Pall Mall, W. 1. Also at Messrs. Gurney and Sons' local stall; or, post free, 2s. 7½d. from " Daily Mirror," 2, Cannon Street, E.C. 4.

**F**URNITURE—Rich saddlebag suite, handsome square carpet patterned rug, grey, pretty table, and vase 2s. 6d., or 2s. 6d. week.—Hill, 97, Wilsden-road, Stoke Newington, N. 16.

**I**RON AND WOOD BUILDINGS, Conservatories, Greenhouses, Cucumbers, Frames, Lights, Foliage Appliances, Rustic Houses, Vases, Seats of every description, Glass, Tin, and other articles.—See list of prices and particulars of latest list free.—William Cooper, 751, Old Kent-road, London, E. 3.

EMANUEL D.M., DEPT. (only address), 31, CLAPHAM  
ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENNING-  
TON GATE.

53. SUEZ Foreign Stamps (catalogue prices), 1s. 6d.  
54. Suez, Hamlet-stations, W.

Q.D. buys 25 artistic Picture Postcards, including Xmas  
postcards, sent free; no rubbish;—Publisher, 8, Gros-  
venor-3, Clapham.

**Wanted to Purchase.**

OLD Postage Stamps (used or unused); King's head  
Colonial stamps, official stamps, and old coins—Regan  
St. Queen-st, Raywater, London.

*Other Small Advertisements on page 15.*

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# OVERSEAS DAILY MAIL.

To the Chief Clerk,  
"Daily Mail," London, E.C.

Please forward "Overseas Daily Mail"

To .....

.....

I enclose 6/- herewith.

Signed .....

.....

.....



## FROST-BOUND.

Blizzard Gives Place to  
Intense Cold.

## FLOWERS BLOOM IN SNOW.

Topsy-Turvy Scenes on the  
English Riviera.

## SKATING IN THE FENS.

The blizzard has come and gone. Wintry frost is left in its wake.

From Scotland to the south drove the snow, belted in by the hurricanes on the east and west coasts, it spread fan-like over Cornwall, and passed out to sea.

A cold breath passed over the Channel.

It is winter also in Europe.

King Carlos is shooting to his heart's content, and enjoying the bracing cold.

Reports from the provinces show a record frost has set in.

There is every indication that the wintry weather, with still atmosphere and sharp frosts and early morning fogs, will continue.

It is singular, as the following table shows, that the temperatures yesterday morning were much lower in the southern counties than the north:—

SOUTH.	DEG.	NORTH.	DEG.
Nottingham	13	Stornoway	34
Oxford	17	Nairn	33
London	20	Aberdeen	33
Valencia	42	Sumburgh Head	35

On the Continent cold weather was general.

Paris showed 30 degrees, Lyons 26, Nice 38.

The Shetlands there were only five degrees colder, and West Ireland was warmer than Nice.

Hail, snow, and sleet fell yesterday at Cherbourg, Havre, and Brest, and various other towns on the coast. Snowstorms are also reported from Abbeville, Amiens, and Lille.

## ARCTIC WEATHER IN LONDON,

But Three Dozen Enthusiasts Bathe in the Serpentine.

London awoke yesterday to the sound of the clatter of spades upon the frozen roads and pavements, where the snow lay thick.

Frost following the blizzard of the night had put winter's final seal upon the City.

Up and down the streets the workmen went, but they could do little but clear the surface.

Workers walking early to their employment kept to the roads—the pavements were too dangerous.

Soon the sand-carts came, and the slippery surface sprinkled over lest securer foothold.

But many of the borough councils were behind-hand with their treatment of the roads. Horses were falling in all directions.

In one case the passengers alighted from an omnibus and helped to push it along. The road was too slippery for the horses to get a foothold.

The by streets also were neglected quite late in the morning. A coal-cart took nearly half an hour to cover a hundred yards from a side road into the King's-road, Chelsea.

The unemployed turned up in thousands for work, and swamped the offices of the borough councils. It was impossible to provide for them all, and some noisy scenes occurred.

The boys made the best of the first opportunity for a good snowballing they have had for years. The noise of the battle in some of the School Board playgrounds could be heard half a mile away.

The smaller ponds and lakes are quickly freezing over.

And, in spite of it all, nearly three dozen enthusiasts bathed in the Serpentine in the early morning.

## FROST EVERYWHERE.

Late Roses and Strawberries Nipped by the Sudden Cold.

Reports from all quarters pour in and point to the universal frost which has followed the snow.

Trains from the north into Manchester were forty-five minutes to an hour late yesterday.

A great fog plunged the city into gloom, and traffic on the Ship Canal was almost at a standstill.

Seventeen degrees of frost were registered in Cheshire yesterday morning. The roads are literally sheets of ice.

Meets of hounds in the district were abandoned. Most of the great stone quarries, like that at Weston, are closed, adding greatly to the ranks of the unemployed.

Not for the past twenty years has so keen a frost been experienced in Cheshire in November.

At Glasgow the weather is fine, but it is freezing

Northerly breezes; sleet and snow; cold (thaw, followed by hard frost.)

To-Day's

Weather

(Lighting-up time, 4.57 p.m. Sea passages: South and East, smooth; West, moderate.)

harder than ever, and in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire the frost continues.

Very severe weather is being experienced on the Cotswold Hills, and throughout Gloucestershire generally all hunting and most outdoor sports have stopped.

Another fall of snow, to the depth of three or four inches, has been followed by exceedingly severe frost.

Last week roses were in bloom, and some strawberries were gathered.

## GOOD NEWS FOR SKATERS.

Though the frost has not been so severe for twenty-five years, few of the great skating rendezvous in the Fen country have been flooded, so general skating will be delayed, but on several dykes good sport was had yesterday.

## CORNWALL SNOW-CLAD.

Scene Which Has Not Been Paralleled Since 1859.

The unusual spectacle of snow in Cornwall is attracting many visitors from all over the country. They come to see a sight that may not be repeated for many years.

South-East Cornwall is one unbroken mass of white snow. From the hilltops overlooking the Helford Valley the scene was superb.

In and around St. Germans yesterday snow lay six inches deep. Every branch in the well-wooded district bore its load of white flakes, while at times the sun shone on the glistening crystals.

It is as long ago as 1859 since so much snow fell there and so magnificent a sight was seen before Christmas. Then it fell only a fortnight before.

Up till Saturday last ripe, wild strawberries were picked in the lanes of Menheniot, where now the snow lies deep.

The gardens on the north coast present a most incongruous appearance. Delicate summer plants, heliotrope, geraniums, anemones, fuchsias, and roses in bloom are wreathed in fleecy snow.

On the South Coast and in the west, where snow is hardly ever seen in any quantity, the change is as sudden.

A sense of fairylike mystery seems to brood over the whole country.

## BLIZZARD ON THE CONTINENT.

Saov has been falling incessantly for the last thirty hours in the Tyrol. Telegraphic and telephonic communications are interrupted at many points, and the train service to Vienna and Italy is stopped. At the Brenner Pass a train has been snowed up.—Reuter.

## GENERAL DISTRESS.

Unemployed March in Hundreds to Demand Help.

The great distress which has arisen through the alarming spell of winter weather is taxing the resources of the local authorities in London and the provinces to the utmost.

At Manchester, Fulham, Poplar, and other places hundreds of men yesterday paraded the streets, demanding work from the local authorities, and a Lord Mayor's fund is being opened in Birmingham.

Sir George White, of Bristol, and his brother, Mr. Samuel White, have promised £1,000 each to start a relief fund for Bristol.

According to Mr. Ritchie a better time is coming. At Croydon last night he said there were signs of a great revival in trade.

This revival, however, will come too late to prevent the distress of the next three months.

In the meanwhile the first meeting of the Central Committee for dealing with the London unemployed under Mr. Walter Long's scheme will be held to-day. Its duty will be to make certain that whatever the distress, the local authorities are awake and prepared to deal with it.

## WEATHER NOTES.

Two boys were found in an outhouse at Hanley frozen stiff and cold.

Altogether about 3,000 men were engaged in clearing snow away in the metropolises.

The ponds at Streatham are frozen over, but there are no signs of ice at Hampstead.

During the gale at Peterborough the flagstaff on King's School was blown down, and the turret considerably damaged.

The people resident in the glens of Inverness and Perthshire were warned of the snowstorm by herds of deer, which they saw trooping down from the hills.

The White Star liner Oceanic has arrived in the Mersey. During her terrible passage the bulwarks were damaged and two port-holes stove in by a tremendous wave.

At Courtsthorpe a tramp took shelter from the storm in a haystack. In the morning he had a narrow escape, for the farmer thrust his fork in only a few inches from where he lay.

## KING CARLOS SNOW-BALLING

Royal Shoot Ends in Merry Fashion.

## QUEEN GOES SLEIGHING.

King Carlos thoroughly enjoyed his shooting at Hare Park yesterday.

The frozen snow on the fields and roads glistened in the brilliant sunshine, and made walking a pleasure.

There were a couple of drives during the morning and King Carlos again shot with remarkable skill.

A third drive was to have been made, but it was found that the snow was too deep to permit of the beaters getting to work.

In consequence the party were ready for lunch nearly half an hour before the arrival of the ladies. To while away the time Lady Mary Ashton, who walked round the covert with the guns, snapped a group outside the luncheon tent.

Whereupon King Carlos, jovial monarch that he is, made snowballs and threw them, with all the rest of a schoolboy, at random into the group.

At this moment approached the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister to the Court of St. James, and a companion. With a smile on his face King Carlos hurled a snowball at his Ambassador, who tried to look pleased at the royal compliment.

The King's example was infectious, and other members of the party joined in the fun. Dozens of merry comers who had followed the shoot saw the battle in the snow, and admired the merry monarch's disregard for convention and evident delight in a typical English pastime.

The Queen, after lunching with the sportsmen, went with the Countess of Gosford and the Marquis de Soveral on a sixteen-mile sleigh ride, and, passing through several of the prettiest Peak villages, reached Monsal Dale, one of the most famous beauty spots in the district.

The hills and valleys, clothed with a mantle of white, made a very beautiful spectacle, and her Majesty remained for some time at the edge of the wood which winds round the rocky heights viewing the wild stretch of country around her.

When King Carlos and Queen Amelia arrive at St. Pancras at 2.45 to-day there will be no special reception, as their official visit terminates when they leave Chatsworth.

They will go to see the opera at Covent Garden in the evening, after an early dinner. Mr. George Ashton has arranged a special programme for them, but the performance is not a gala or "command" one.

## BUYING A TORPEDO-BOAT.

How a Quick-Witted Irishman Concluded a Hasty Bargain.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—An interview with a Mr. Sinnott, who claims to have navigated the torpedo boat Caroline from London to Libau, appears in to-day's "Matin."

Mr. Sinnott is said to be an Irishman, and with true Irish spirit he recounts his negotiations with the head of the firm of Yarrow and Co.

"I introduced myself to Mr. Yarrow as the agent of an American millionaire, who wanted to buy a very fast yacht, or even several."

"Very good," said Mr. Yarrow. "Let me see your plans. Or perhaps you will be so good as to look at some I can show you. We will put the work in hand without delay."

"You are most obliging, Mr. Yarrow," said I, "but we want your yachts at once."

"At once! Why, I have nothing of the sort ready. The only fast boats I have are torpedo-boats. I suppose they would not suit you."

"Well, why not? Are they fast?"

"Thirty knots an hour."

"Done."

"Cash down?"

"Cash down!"

The rest of the story is in the same vein. The boat escaped the Thames river police by forty minutes, and the authorities at Kiel canal by even less.

"There's no concealment about me," concluded Mr. Sinnott. "I look upon the whole adventure as most amusing."

## CHILDREN ARREST AN ASSASSIN.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Last night an Italian engaged in an altercation with his sweetheart, outside an infant school, suddenly became furious and shot her just as 500 children were released from school.

The children swarmed over the assassin, who, although he struggled desperately, was finally submerged and held down by the living pyramid until the police arrived and arrested him.—Laffan.

## MIKADO'S ENVOY ROBBED.

According to a telegram to the "Herald" from St. Louis, Prince Fushimi, the representative of the Emperor of Japan, has been robbed of 5,000 dollars worth of jewels which he had left in his room at his hotel while visiting the World's Fair.—Reuter.

## BLACK SEA FLEET.

Has it Received Orders to Leave?

## STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ODESSA, Sunday.—The startling announcement is made in naval circles here to-day that Admiral Chuknin, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, has issued secretly to several of his senior commanders instructions to prepare to leave the Black Sea.

There is the liveliest speculation as to what is the meaning of these orders, but the consensus of opinion is that many of the vessels of the Russian Black Sea fleet have really been designated by the Russian Admiralty to congregate at a future date outside the Black Sea with the Baltic squadron now en route to the Far East under Admiral Rojestvensky.

## BALTIC FLEET.

British National Anthem Played at Port Said.

The second division of the Russian Baltic Squadron arrived at Port Said yesterday.

The squadron exchanged salutes with the port on entering at eight o'clock, and the Russian bands played the British National Anthem, a British warship being in the harbour. All the men-of-war, including the destroyers and some transports, are fitted with wireless telegraphy apparatus.

The transports fly the plain Russian tricolour ensign without crown or eagle (the Russian commercial flag).

## SUEZ MYSTERY.

Three Yachts Pass Through the Canal on a Secret Mission.

Three yachts—the *Fiorentina*, *Catarina*, and *Emerald*—recently went through the canal on the way to Suez. This circumstance has attracted attention.

Reuter's Agency learns that the *Emerald* and the *Catarina* have been chartered by persons who have expressed a special wish that their names shall not be mentioned. It is not known whether they are Englishmen or foreigners.

Cabling later, Reuter's Port Said correspondent adds: "With regard to the three yachts which have passed down the canal in advance of the Baltic Fleet, the *Fiorentina* is flying the French flag and the *Catarina* and the *Emerald* the British flag. Their mission is altogether mysterious, but it is suspected that they have been engaged by the Russian Admiralty to explore the reefs in the Gulf of Suez and round Shadwan Island in advance of the squadron."

## LORD ROSEBERY ON BOOKS.

Lord Rosebery opened a Carnegie library at West Calder, Midlothian, yesterday, speaking in the evening on the reading of books.

A glut of books, said Lord Rosebery, was just as bad as a surfeit of anything else.

The man of vigorous life among men would beat the man of books always and at everything in this world.

The amateur adviser as to what and what not to read he had found an intolerable person.

The man who borrowed one volume from a set of volumes and never returned it was a man who should be treated like vermin—trapped, or shot at sight.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the American colony in London yesterday with a feast at the Hotel Cecil.

In the course of his speech Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, said that Lord Lansdowne had omitted at the Lord Mayor's banquet to say what his reply was when Mr. Choate asked if England was ready to sign a treaty of arbitration with America. "It goes without saying we are," said Lord Lansdowne.

Amid cheers Mr. Choate announced that the treaty had been signed.

## GENERAL BOOTH RETURNS.

General Booth, full of fire and energy, returned from his German campaign yesterday afternoon. He was met at Cannon-street Station by a number of Salvation Army officers, including Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

During his ten days' tour General Booth visited Stettin, Cassel, and Frankfurt, as well as Berlin. Two hundred converts were made in Berlin alone,



## GENTLEMAN CONVICT.

How Jabez Balfour Spends His Prison Life.

### A PATHETIC FIGURE.

In Lewes Gaol a feeble, tottering, old man, with bowed back and white hair, guards the store. He is only a "number" now, but once he was Jabez Balfour, a giant among men, and a king of commerce.

It was Mr. John O'Connor, Balfour's counsel, who gave this description of his former client in the course of an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. He had recently visited the ex-convict.

"When Mr. Balfour went to prison nine years ago," said Mr. O'Connor, "he was a strong man, full of vigour. But years of imprisonment have wrought sad havoc with his frame."

In striking contrast to the luxury he enjoyed in the heyday of his reputation as a financier, Jabez Balfour has performed very humble tasks in gaol.

At first he made sacks for the Post Office, afterwards he worked successfully in the tailor's, tin-smith's, and bootmaker's shops, and at present he is engaged in the comparatively easy occupation of guarding a store.

Warders and fellow-prisoners alike testified to the convict's invariably good behaviour and cheerful patience. The stigma of the broad arrow has not disturbed his urbanity. With his guardians he is the "gentleman convict."

#### Question of Release.

When will Balfour be released? There have been many rumours that his liberation is imminent.

Mr. O'Connor, however, pointed out that, in the ordinary way, his sentence would expire in June, 1906. The prisoner himself had given this date, adding that he was perfectly content to wait.

The notorious speculator has never been without sympathisers in high quarters.

For the past three years representations have been made to the Home Office, memorials of the most influential character have been signed and presented, but all in vain.

"His health is very much broken down," said Mr. O'Connor, "when questioned on that point. A short time ago he became very weak, and I then wrote to the Home Secretary, requesting him to ask the prison doctor to make a special examination of my client."

"I suppose such an examination was made, and was construed by the warden Press representatives, to be found in every prison, into a preliminary of release."

#### All His Friends Poor.

"As to other rumours," said Mr. O'Connor, "I do not believe that any of Mr. Balfour's friends are designing financial speculations on his behalf."

"Others connected with the Liberator companies had carriages to meet them when they came out of prison, but neither my client nor anybody belonging to him could afford to send a coarser's barrow for that purpose. They are all poor."

### MOTOR-BOAT VOLUNTEERS.

Novel Feature of the New British Motor-Boat Club.

A motor-boat naval reserve will be one of the features of the British Motor-Boat Club, which was established yesterday afternoon at an enthusiastic meeting of motorists held at the Temple Hotel, Arundel-street, E.C.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Noel Kenealy, editor of "Motoring Illustrated." He submitted a rough, general plan for the club. One of the important features is the motor-boat volunteer naval reserve, to be composed of a flotilla of various-sized craft to do scout and picket duty and act as dispatch and torpedo-boats in time of war. One hundred applications for membership have been received.

### BOHEMIAN TWIN VIOLINISTS.

The Bohemian twins came to town from Brighton yesterday and held a séance at the Metropolitan Music Hall.

Thin, complexioned of the inseparable sisters were a little pinker than usual as, with smiling faces, Rosa and Josef toddled to the footlights, in their gowns of apple green. Four tiny white shoes adorned their feet.

The Misses Blazek, who commence their exclusive London engagement at the Metropolitan on Monday next, played violin duets to an audience of newspaper representatives yesterday.

### FIVE YEARS FOR A SOLICITOR.

George Cosens Prior, solicitor, of Portsmouth, pleaded guilty at Hampshire Assizes yesterday to three charges of converting moneys of clients to his own use, the charges involving sums aggregating £1,700, and was sentenced to five years penal servitude.

## MR. RIGG, M.P., STRUCK.

Attacked in the Darkness by a Millionaire's Son Held to Ransom at St. Louis.

Mr. Rigg, the member of Parliament whose change of political views was discussed yesterday by the North Westmorland Liberal Executive, and whose resignation of the seat was accepted, has reported to the Windermere police that about five o'clock yesterday evening he was attacked on his own doorstep at Applegarth.

It appears that Mr. Rigg was expecting the arrival of his mother about that time, and went to the front door with the intention of going out to see if she was in sight.

Immediately he opened the door he was met by a strange man, who struck Mr. Rigg a violent blow with his fist under the chin, felling him to the ground. At the same time he cried out, "You d—d Tory."

The assailant then made for the roadway, and, favoured by the darkness, got clear away. The last seen of him was a few minutes later, when he was observed hurrying along the road leading to Bowness.

Mr. Rigg was much bruised about the face and shaken by his fall. He has no knowledge of his assailant, but has given the police a description of the man which will probably lead to his arrest.

Mr. Rigg has stated that he disagrees with the Liberal Party on the Chinese labour ordinance, the Education Act, the Aliens Bill, and fiscal reform questions.

### "DEVIL" IN KILTS.

How a Scotsman Caused Terror in Terra del Fuego.

"Sorto," or "the devil," was the name conferred by the natives of Terra del Fuego upon Mr. John Farquhar Macrae, who has just returned to Great Britain after an absence of twenty-two years in South America.

Mr. Macrae, who left his native town of Kintail, Scotland, a poor youth, is now an immensely rich man. On his arrival at Liverpool he was attired in kilts, and one of his companions played the pipes as he walked up the ship's gangway.

He was the first British squatter in Terra del Fuego. He earned his name by his untiring watchfulness.

The dwarf-like Yaghans tried to steal his cattle, and for years never allowed him to sleep soundly. He only dared to doze for a few hours in the day-time.

### ARRESTED IN BED.

Curious Sequel to a Charge Against an American.

Rushing into a bedroom in the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, yesterday, two detectives seized a revolver which lay under the head of a man in bed, and arrested him.

His name is said to be James Wallace, from Boston, U.S.A., and he is suspected of having dealt in stolen letters of credit of £4,000 on Coutts's Bank, London, of which about £1,400 has been recovered.

Wallace, who is a dapper, active little man, considerably over fifty years of age, arrived by the Savonia in Liverpool on Friday night in company with a charming young lady.

The girl seemed to be astounded at his arrest. She was partially reassured by Wallace's nonchalant demeanour, but afterwards she burst into tears. Chief-Detective-Inspector Streetlie in a few kindly words induced her to promise to return to America by the earliest boat.

Wallace will be charged in London on an extradition warrant.

### CLEANER SHAVING.

The Court of Common Council Adopt Stringent Regulations for Barbers.

The movement for compelling barbers in the City of London to adopt "aseptic" methods is now taking practical shape.

The Court of Common Council yesterday approved the proposals suggested by the Hairdressers' Guild.

Shortly put, these are that all fittings be of glass or other easily cleaned substances.

No general powder-puffs are to be used; clean towels must be supplied; all instruments must be disinfected after use; no sponges must be employed.

No alum blocks must be applied to the face after shaving.

Dr. Collingridge, the medical officer, who initiated the movement, hopes to secure general legislation on the subject.

The Welsh revival shows no signs of waning, and strange incidents happen every day.

Assured that Lady Curzon is making sure progress towards recovery, Lord Curzon left England for India yesterday.

## KIDNAPPED.

Attacked in the Darkness by a Millionaire's Son Held to Ransom at St. Louis.

### SWISS SCHOOLBOY ABDUCTED.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. LOUIS, Thursday.—One of the most extraordinary acts of kidnapping on record has just been carried out here in the very grounds of the World's Fair.

On November 16, Stephen Putney, a youth of sixteen, son of a millionaire manufacturer of Virginia, paid a visit to the Exhibition, accompanied by some relatives. He suddenly disappeared, and until yesterday nothing could be heard of his whereabouts.

All sorts of conjectures were made, the most plausible being that he had been attacked and robbed.

Yesterday, however, his brother received a note to the effect that the kidnapper had been quite safe and in good hands, but would only be restored to his friends if a large sum was forthcoming as ransom.

The exact amount of the sum demanded has not been made public, but the lad's parents are quite willing to pay anything to have their son restored to them.

The abduction, it is now supposed, was effected through the agency of a handsome woman, who acted the rôle of decoy, and with the connivance of others conveyed the unfatigued youth to some place in the neighbourhood of St. Louis.

Though only sixteen, the abducted boy is 6ft. high, and weighs within a pound or two of 12st.

Our Geneva correspondent says that by the fortunate bursting of a tyre on a motor-car a boy escaped from a gang of kidnappers, who had seized him on his way from school and hurried him off in the car.

He was the sixteen-year-old son of a wealthy Swiss manufacturer. His efforts to attract passers-by resulted in his being gagged, but when a tyre burst he escaped to Neuchâtel, where the police were informed of the outrage.

### MIDNIGHT ELOPEMENT.

Lover's Ladder and a Stolen Scotch Bride.

Among the passengers on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's boat Oruba, now on her way to South America, are a young married couple who eloped from a town in the West Highlands of Scotland.

The lady was a governess at a hotel, and the proprietor, objecting to the young man's advances, kept her out of his way, and bade the woe-begone. He has gone now, taking the governess with him as his lawful wedded wife.

A few nights ago he appeared at her window with a ladder, and by previous arrangement the bride was waiting for him in full travelling costume.

She descended to a trap in waiting, which quickly conveyed them to the nearest railway station. No time was lost in getting married and making for Liverpool, where passages had already been booked for two for South America.

### MILK FAMINE POSSIBLE.

London's Supply May Be Reduced by Half Through Cold Weather.

With the advent of winter the possibility of a milk famine comes unpleasantly near.

There is no shortage of supply so far, but with a spell of frost and snow London would have to go short in one of its most important sources of aliment.

"Cold acts very quickly on cows," said the manager of one of the great dairy companies yesterday. "Three or four days is enough to knock ten per cent. off a cow's productiveness."

"In the terrible winter of 1880 London's milk supply was cut down by one-half."

"There is also the question of quality. Cows fed on roots, as they are in snowy weather, produce inferior milk."

### PENNY BANK FAILURE.

At the first meeting of creditors of Mr. S. A. Maw, of Needham, manager of the Penny Bank, which was held yesterday, it was stated that a mother's meeting and several children who had deposited less than is, were among the creditors.

The debtor's unsecured liabilities were likely to exceed the estimate of about £10,500, and that it was doubtful whether the assets would realise the £4,300 estimated.

### MORE ANGLESEY JEWELS FOUND.

Another and hitherto unsuspected collection of jewels belonging to the Marquis of Anglesey has been discovered.

The value is said to be between £30,000 and £40,000, and though there is a mortgage of £5,000 upon them the creditors will benefit to a considerable amount.

THE only way to get all the News on a Sunday Morning is to read the best Sunday Newspaper. Your Newsman will deliver the

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Dispatch to your door if you ask him. It is the brightest of all Weekly Newspapers, filled with general news as well as Sporting, Theatrical pages, Serial Stories, Fashion pages, Puzzles and Prizes. Don't forget to order to-day the Weekly

## DISPATCH.

### NEWS FOR THE EXILE.

Great Men's Views of the Overseas "Daily Mail."

### BOON TO ANGLO-SAXONDOM.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada; Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, are all men who have studied the needs of the British Empire, and whose words, when they speak of the Empire's needs, will carry weight wherever the English language is spoken.

When, therefore, they agree in commending a new enterprise as one that will help to bring Britons all the world over into closer touch with each other; when one of them speaks of it as a fresh link of Empire, and another says it will confer a great public benefit, there is little doubt that that enterprise will help to knit the great English-speaking race more closely together, and thus be an almost incalculable boon to all Anglo-Saxons.

### "Fresh Link of Empire."

The enterprise which has received such weighty commendation is the Overseas Edition of the "Daily Mail," the first number of which is published to-day. A message from Mr. Chamberlain, sent from Italy to the "Daily Mail," says:—

"I heartily congratulate you on new enterprise, which will constitute fresh link of Empire and contribute to fuller understanding between all parts."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is en route for California, after the arduous work of a general election in Canada, cables:—

"The publication of true, exact, and reliable news in all Colonies and dependencies, and vice versa, most desirable. If the Overseas Edition succeeds in doing this it will confer a great public benefit."

### Lord Stanley's Commendation.

Lord Selborne also writes commending the paper. Lord Stanley, who is even more emphatic in his commendation, says:—

"I wish the Overseas Edition of the "Daily Mail" all possible success, and feel sure it will do much good."

Many other men of weight and standing have signified their approval of the scheme, and thousands of letters pouring into the "Daily Mail" office show how highly the new journal is appreciated by all who have friends or relatives in distant lands.

No one who desires to delight any British man or woman far away from England can confer so great a boon upon them at so little cost. It will be most welcome as a Christmas or New Year's present.

The subscription for a year is 5s. For this sum the newspaper will be sent weekly to any address where letter or newspaper can be delivered out of England, and on receipt of the subscription, a letter will be sent acquainting the receiver with the name of the person at whose request the paper is sent.

### Published To-Day.

Remember, the first number will be published to-day, and a telegraph money-order, sent to the office of the "Daily Mail" at Carmelite House, E.C., will ensure a copy being dispatched by to-night's mail.

The journal will contain sixteen pages of news, special articles on the literature, drama, music, and finance of the week, descriptions of law cases, society news, sport, etc., and it will be forwarded to any part of the world that the post reaches.

Subscriptions sent by hand should be accompanied by the order form which will be found on page 2.



## FLAT DISCORDS.

Midnight Scales Drive Neighbours to Desperation.

### FARCE OFF THE STAGE.

Opinions vary about the merits of the voice of Mr. Victor James Mullan, professional vocalist, of No. 9, Heathmans, Heath-road, Hampstead. In consequence of this difference of opinion Mr. Mullan's voice found itself in Chancery yesterday, when an action was brought by his landlord, at the instigation of his neighbours, to restrain him from using it for the purpose of practising scales.

Twenty-two neighbours, said Mr. Cassel, counsel for the landlord, wrote a joint letter of expostulation, so that Mr. Matthews, the landlord in question, was obliged to seek the Court's assistance against the voice.

From ten o'clock at night until midnight, and occasionally until as late as 1.30 a.m., Mr. Mullan was heard singing scales and playing the piano at an open window. The scales he sang consisted of a series of loud, strident notes an octave apart, sounded at intervals, so it was alleged.

The neighbours, both those in the adjacent flats and those across the road, were so affected by the noise that they could not go to sleep, and could not even play cards, they declared.

Yet, according to Mr. Mullan himself, and his statement on oath in the witness-box, "his voice is much appreciated by musical people."

The following are some of the choice pieces of musical criticism delivered in Mr. Justice Warrington's Court by Mr. Mullan's neighbours:

"I have never heard such a noise in my life."

"It was like the howling of a mad dog."

"You could hear Mr. Mullan's voice from the fire station, a thousand yards away."

Pelted with Peas.

"I lived opposite him across the road, and had to change my bedroom from the front to the back of the house."

"My guests could not play cards. There was such a noise. So they got peas and threw them at his window."

"Boys assembled under his window, in the street below, and howled in imitation of him."

"I had to leave my flat because of him."

"On Sundays he began earlier, and had to leave off earlier, because he was worn out."

"He tried to reach the high note, but always failed."

On two occasions neighbours called on Mr. Mullan to endeavour to persuade him to silence. One gentleman was refused admission, and had to tap on the flat-window with a stick. The other gentleman came to pushes and waistcoat-tearings with him, with the result that there were cross-suitmousses in a police court.

Other neighbours contented themselves with counter-demonstrations—bell-ringsings and bangings on the floor of an empty room above him—and it was these counter-demonstrations, Mr. Mullan declares, that were responsible for the cat-calls of the little boys in the street, if such took place.

Howling of a Mad Dog!

Mr. Mullan, when he himself went into the witness-box, looked every inch a musician. He wore a tight-fitting frock coat round his willowy figure, and had his mustachios trimmed as straight as musical staves.

He announced his gratifications fortissimo. He was formerly, ten years ago, member of the Lyric Theatre Company, had sung in many church choirs, and once at the Alexandra Palace.

Counsel: I hardly like to put the question, but does your singing resemble the howling of a mad dog?

Mr. Mullan (maestoso): It is ignorance (crescendo). My voice is very much appreciated by musicians.

Mr. Mullan was then questioned about the intervals between his scale singing. During the day, he said, he was a publisher's agent.

Mr. Cassel: Are you a pianist?

Mr. Mullan (allegro): I am not a distinguished pianist, but (presto) I am a distinguished vocalist.

Then he described (con amore) how courting couples stopped below his open window to listen to his singing. The little boys usually sat in silent enjoyment of his trilling, and only cheered because of the noise in the flat above.

The Judge (adante): We will adjourn until to-morrow.

## ERROR OF JUSTICE.

Two Innocent Youths Liberated from Prison.

A serious miscarriage of justice has resulted in prompt action by the Home Secretary.

At Marylebone Police Court eight days ago two young men, Patrick Ryan and Henry George Baxter, were sentenced each to three months' hard labour on a charge of attempting to pick pockets on the occasion of the King of Portugal's visit to the City.

Their solicitor, Mr. Nonweiler, last Saturday informed Mr. Curtis Bennett that he was convinced the accused men had been convicted in error, stating that an alibi could be proved.

The magistrate was, of course, powerless to revoke his decision, but advised Mr. Nonweiler to forward petitions to the Home Office, and undertook to send a letter to the same quarter himself.

Mr. Nonweiler attended at Marylebone yesterday and announced that he had received a letter from the Under-Secretary of State to the effect that the immediate discharge of the prisoners had been authorised. The solicitor warmly thanked the magistrate for the immediate steps he had taken to have the mistake rectified.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, he added, had, as the original evidence stood, no alternative but to convict. He agreed with the magistrate that there was no reflection upon the police.

### "PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES."

Disadvantage of Possessing a Rubiund Complexion.

A cabman with a bright, ruddy complexion stood in the dock at Westminster yesterday. A constable asserted that he had been drunk while in charge of his cab.

Mr. Francis: What made you think that?

The Constable: His eyes were bright and sparkling, and he had a bright, rosy complexion. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Francis (pensively): A pair of sparkling eyes? Could you without difficulty see the sparkling eyes in the dark?—Yes. It was under a lamp.

And the rosy face? Any difference to what it now appears?—Yes, much. It was very red.

The Cabman: It is now.

The licence, which the cabman, James Dickens, had held for forty-nine years, showed nothing against him, and Mr. Francis ordered his discharge.

### DESERTED ON THE HONEYMOON.

Singular Allegations in a Husband and Wife Dispute.

"He sent me telegrams saying he was dying, and one of them, which came from the housemaid, said, 'Mr. Charles King died this morning.' But when I went up to see him he got out of bed and beat me with a stick."

This was in the evidence given by Mrs. Lillian King, who, at Kingston-on-Thames yesterday, sued her husband, Mr. Charles King, of Long Ditton, for alleged assault.

But when cross-examined the lady admitted that while on her honeymoon with her husband at Bouremouth this summer she left him to go with another man. Also that since then she had been staying with this man at Brighton.

The nurse who had been nursing Mr. King said he was quite prostrate when Mrs. King came to see him, and failed to bear out Mrs. King's account of the alleged assault. So it having been mentioned that divorce proceedings were pending, the Bench dismissed the summons.

### WORSE THAN BEING A WIDOW.

"When did you cease to be a widow?" Judge Addison asked Madame Janior, who carries on business at Ais-street, Regent-street, and appeared on a judgment summons at Southwark County Court yesterday.

Madame Janior: I have been married a second time, but I am separated from my husband.

"Well, that is worse than being a widow, isn't it?—Yes, it is, rather.

Is your husband alive?—Yes, and if I liked to live with him he would keep me very well indeed. An order for £5. a month was made.

### FIRE AT A LONDON CHAPEL.

An alarming fire broke out soon after two o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Seaman's Chapel, Darriel-street, Rotherhithe.

The back part of the building suddenly burst into flames from some cause which is at present unascertained, and was burning fiercely when the local firemen arrived. Severe damage was caused to the structure before the fire could be overcome.

Go to the workhouse, and perhaps something will turn up, Mr. Plowden told a homeless lad found at Lavender Hill.

## ELOPED FROM PERSIA.

£1,000 Damages Against a Susceptible Attache.

One thousand pounds were awarded as damages by a jury in the Divorce Court yesterday to Mr. George Arthur Lawes, a bank manager of Beshire, in Persia, who was granted a decree nisi by Sir Francis Jeune.

The co-respondent, whom the jury mulcted in this sum, was Captain Vere de Vere Hunt, who was formerly attached to the British Residency at Beshire.

Mr. Lawes married Hilda Clare Preston, a lady of independent means, in 1898. In 1902 Captain Hunt was sent to Beshire, and became a visitor at the bank manager's house. When, in 1903, Mrs. Lawes was on the point of leaving on a visit to England, she told her husband that she had become very fond of Captain Hunt, and that he had asked her to elope with him.

The bank manager pleaded with Captain Hunt, and the latter promised not to see Mrs. Lawes again. But in March of this year the couple came to England on the same boat, and Mr. Lawes took steps to obtain the divorce which has now been granted.

### SECRET COMMISSIONS.

Question of Double Profit from a Business Transaction.

A curiously complicated case bearing on the subject of secret commissions was heard yesterday by Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury.

The crux of the case was the question: "Under what circumstances is a man justified in taking a commission both from the man on whose behalf he sells and the man on whose behalf he buys?"

The plaintiff, a Mr. Morrison, stated by his counsel to be a very wealthy gentleman, alleges that a Mr. Read, in selling for him a portion of an estate at Gilling, for which he had given £16,000, both charged him a commission of £177 and also received a like amount from the purchaser.

One of these commissions Mr. Morrison sought to recover.

On the other side it was urged that Mr. Morrison's solicitor was his partner in his land dealings, and that this gentleman knew what had been done. The case was adjourned.

### FOURSCORE YEARS TOGETHER.

Touching Story of Twin Sisters' Strong Affection.

Eighty-two years ago Martha and Mary Hampton, twin daughters of a Westhoughton silk weaver, were born, and during this long stretch of years they have been inseparable, until death took Martha on Saturday.

Mary, chatting to some *Daily Mirror* last night, said:—"Martha came first, and she's gone first; but I was not long coming after her, and I shall not be long before I follow her."

The old lady said this with a bright smile, as of pleasurable anticipation.

"You see," she continued, "we've never parted before. We ate, drank, worked, walked, they slept together. When one of us was ill, the other was poorly, and we shared all dainties and poverty."

"Courting days?" said Mary. "We have never walked out with any man. Martha was my fellow, and she always said I was the sweetest heart wanted."

### DESPERATE YORKSHIRE POACHERS.

The three poachers, Bryan McLoughlin, Robert Colley, and Thomas Brewster Brown, who offered desperate resistance to Lord Lonsborough's keepers on Monday night, were at Scarborough yesterday committed to York Assizes.

Young, a son of Earl Lonsborough's head keeper, told how he and his companions tracked the poachers by their footprints in the snow. McLoughlin raised his gun to shoot at him, but fell, and then Colley, he alleged, fired, and he received eleven pellets in his shoulder.

After McLoughlin had been secured, Young, who is a man of medium stature, assisted in the capture of the other men.

### WHEN CONSCIENCE WOKES.

The manner in which Frank Adams, an errand-boy, was awakened to a consciousness of his wrong-doing was unusual.

He stole a bicycle from his employer at Hamlet Mansions, Ravenscourt Park, and rode as far as Warwickshire. While descending a steep hill he lost control of the machine and was hurled over a five-barred gate. Severely bruised and shaken, he made his way to the nearest police-station and confessed to the theft.

Yesterday he was remanded by the West London magistrate.

### FASTEST YACHT AFLOAT.

On the Tyne yesterday was launched the first turbine pleasure yacht, of any size, in the world. It will also be the fastest yacht afloat. The owner is Sir George Newnes.

## HEATED ARGUMENT.

Angry Outbursts at the Hooley Trial.

### JUDGE CALMS MR. PAINE.

There were periods during the third day of the trial of Hooley and Lawson, at the Old Bailey, when the tempers of some of the principals in the case became extremely ruffled.

The cross-examination of Mr. Alfred Paine, who alleges that the two defendants conspired to defraud him, occupied the whole of the day, and Mr. Rufus Isaacs had evidently not exhausted his fusillade of searching questions when the Court rose for the day.

He recommended the attack in the morning by reference to Mr. Paine's purchase of the Construction Company's shares. Some of Mr. Paine's answers were not so precise as he desired.

"Come, come, Mr. Paine," counsel urged. "You are a smart business man, you know."

"I thought so once," the witness retorted with a plaintive note in his voice.

There was no desire on the part of those in court to laugh, as they had laughed at this point, at a passage between counsel and witness which occurred almost immediately afterwards.

Made Half a Million.

Mr. Paine mentioned that Hooley, in speaking to him of Lawson, had said, "He was the man who made half a million out of the British Motors."

Mr. Isaacs: Since when has it grown to half million?—Oh, it hasn't grown.

Yesterday, in cross-examination-in-chief, you said a quarter of a million.—Now, which is the truth?—Well, I should say a quarter of a million.

Why did you say half a million?—It was what my solicitor told me.

Are you telling us what your solicitor told you as evidence of what took place at this interview?—No. It was merely an observation.

Mr. Isaacs (angrily, raising his voice almost to shouting-point): Merely an observation, sir! What do you mean? You are giving evidence here with men in the dock. Explain yourself!

Mr. Paine: Yes, it was merely an observation.

It was thinking of what my solicitor said when I answered.

There was another display of heat when the Solicitor-General suggested that a cheque which Mr. Isaacs had mentioned should be produced.

Mr. Isaacs protested warmly against the interruption. His friend had no right to interrupt.

### Counsel Argues.

A long argument ensued between counsel, and the Judge remarked that there appeared to have been a misunderstanding.

The Solicitor-General remarked: Now, my lord, having said so much, I shall not interrupt my friend again. He shall do as he likes.

Turning to the witness a few minutes later, Mr. Isaacs said, "I am now going to call your attention to several passages in your evidence yesterday."

Mr. Paine: I've no doubt you'll pick out the very worst passages.

Before Mr. Isaacs had concluded this stage of the cross-examination the Court adjourned.

Just previously Mr. Paine had become so demonstrative, waving his arms excitedly, that Mr. Justice Lawrence had to interpose to calm him.

### STARTLING MURDER CONFESSION.

Early yesterday morning at Wrotesley-rd, Plumstead, a woman named Mrs. Tabitha Lawson, aged seventy-eight, was found with her throat cut, and quite dead.

Later in the day Mary Holdway, who had lived with the murdered woman, was arrested at Woolwich with the crime. "I do not know why I did it," said the prisoner. "After I realised what I had done I took a duster and wiped round the wall, and put the razor away."

The prisoner was remanded for a week.

### HUNT FOR A MISER'S TREASURE.

Treasure-hunting on a small and sordid scale is being pursued by a number of people among the ruins of an old cottage at Leigh-on-Sea.

For some years an eccentric old fisherman, named William Partridge, lived alone in the cottage; and a few days ago he lost his life by fire, which burnt out his dwelling.

He was thought to be a miser.

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## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

For the first time for many months there is not a single case of smallpox in the London hospitals.

Of the 1,000 time-expired troops landed by the *Plassy* at Southampton from Bombay 300 were invalids.

That brewery companies should put managers liable to dismissal at a moment's notice in public-houses is most mischievous, said Mr. Justice Grantham at Swansea.

### THE KING'S DOCTOR DEAD.

Dr. George Vivian Poore has died at Andover, where he was born in 1843.

He was the author of essays on rural hygiene, and a "Treatise on medical jurisprudence." He was medical attendant to King Edward in 1872.

### CREMATION NOT POPULAR.

Cremation has not appealed to the Birmingham public as was anticipated by the company which opened a crematorium there just a year ago.

Only seventeen cremations have as yet taken place, and at the shareholders' meeting it was reported there was a loss of £124 on the year's working.

### POWDER IN HIS POCKET.

Collars are notoriously careless in the use of explosives, but probably few have reached the degree of recklessness that led Charles Fisher, of Dunvant, near Swansea, to keep powder loose in his pocket.

Unfortunately, he placed his pipe in the same pocket, and now lies in a serious condition from burns and shock.

### NO SAUCE WITH PUDDING.

By a majority of nine the Keighley Guardians have decided that the workhouse inmates are not to have brandy-sauce with their Christmas pudding.

Mr. W. Dawson thought the board ought to remember that not a few of the inmates had acquired a taste for strong drink, and that it would be a pity to do anything to re-awaken the old appetite.

### MR. CHARLES MORTON'S WILL.

Probate was granted yesterday of the will of the late Mr. Charles Morton, manager of the Palace Theatre, London, who died at his residence, 11, Oval-road, Regent's Park, London, N.W., on October 18 last, aged eighty-five years.

The estate has been returned of a gross value of £2,078 13s., and the net personally sworn at £1,844 9s. 11d.

### WETHERSFIELD RED ONION.

There are patriarians among onions, a fact that may astonish town folks unaccustomed to the lower-grade English sorts and the Spanish in green-grocers' shops.

The Wethersfield Red, one of the finest in cultivation, which, in regard to hue, shape, and flavour, is very different from most of its brethren of the allium tribe, can now be seen on sale in the vegetable stores of fashionable districts.

### EXPENSIVE PIG FOOD.

In an action filed in the Lincoln County Court it was disclosed that Mr. Titus Kime, of Mareham-le-Fen, had fed his pigs on potatoes worth £40 an ounce.

He had grown them as Northern Stars, and finding they were not he thought them of no value.

He afterwards discovered they belonged to the famous Eldorado variety, which readily commands over £150 per lb.

### LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

During the month of October the average supply of water to London was 218,593,000 gallons. The number of houses supplied was 985,890, having an estimated total population of 6,992,001, making the amount supplied per head 33.1 gallons.

The amount of water stored at the end of the month in impounding reservoirs was 3,185,000,000 gallons, in addition to which there were 1,300,000,000 gallons in store in the Staines reservoirs.

### NO REAL PLAYS.

Sir Henry Irving, at a banquet of the Pen and Pencil Club, Aberdeen, maintained that many people who frequent the theatre nowadays were not playgoers, for the simple reason that there are seldom any real plays to be seen.

In acknowledging the references to his own career, Sir Henry remarked: "Whatever may be the changes of theatrical taste, the theatre will always remain a great instrument of our social organisation."

### WELSH FATALISM.

An epidemic of scarlet fever which is raging at Glogman, near Aberystwyth, owes much of its virulence to the spirit of fatalism which prevails among the Welsh.

This is shown by the custom of holding "wyl-pousan," or prayer meetings, at the house of a dead person.

In more than one instance this has been proved to be directly responsible for the spread of infection.

There are now 304 cases of typhoid fever at Rhondda, two of which have proved fatal.

Past Mayors of Stepney are to have special seats of honour beside the mayor of the year.

The first 9.2in. breech-loading gun for the new battery at the entrance to the Thames arrived yesterday.

At the Zoological Gardens has been received the first living specimen ever seen in Europe of a West African dwarf buffalo.

Mr. J. W. Hawkins, the senior Chancery Master of the Royal Courts of Justice, will shortly resign his appointment, after over forty years' service.

### LONDON'S AMUSEMENTS.

To-day the London County Council sit at Spring Gardens as the authority for granting music and music and dancing licences. Also for stage play licences outside the districts of the Lord Chamberlain.

There are nineteen applications for stage-play licences for nineteen suburban theatres, and 328 applications for music and music and dancing licences. This latter number embraces all the various places used permanently or occasionally for amusement purposes.

Music-halls number forty-five, church and mission-halls over fifty, municipal halls twenty, and other halls used for occasional dances or concerts seventy-five. Some twenty-five hotels have licences for music during meal-times, and many of the public baths have licences for use in the winter when a floor is placed over the bath. About thirty public-houses also are licensed by the council for concerts.

### CROWD AT DAN LENO'S FUNERAL.

Lambeth Borough Council have received a report from the superintendent of Tooting Cemetery as to the damage done at the funeral of Mr. Dan Leno.

Several men and two young women climbed over the gate, while some hundreds of people got over the railings. Several cases of fainting were dealt with by the ambulance attendant, and one woman had a fit.

Many persons have visited the cemetery every day since the funeral. There were several thousands on the Sunday following the interment, and twenty policemen were required to regulate the crowd.

### EAST END ELECTRIFICATION.

There is a prospect that as the result of a discussion at the meeting of the Stepney Council a compromise will be effected between the council and the L.C.C. with reference to the electrification of the tramways in East London.

It is suggested that the conduit system should be adopted in Mile End-road as far as Burdett-road, and that in this thoroughfare and Grove-road the trolley system should be utilised.

This suggestion meets with approval, and provided the L.C.C. agree to it, the great difficulty in the way of the electrification of the East End tramways will be removed.

### NEWS NOT ADVERTISEMENT.

In passing a vote of thanks to Sir James Ritchie for his services as Lord Mayor, the Court of Common Council resolved not to advertise the compliment.

Last year it was stated £40 had been spent in advertising a vote of thanks in the newspapers. This Mr. Ellis thought was unnecessary as the vote would appear as an item of news.

### DOG SUFFOCATES A BABY.

Gladys Whitley, a Nottingham girl, was only left unattended a few minutes, but upon the nurse returning she discovered a terrier which had always made a fuss of the baby, lying asleep across its face.

The dog was driven off, but the child was dead.

Three inches of Battersea enamel has, at Christie's, fetched eighty-five guineas.

At an estimated cost of £80,000 the Bethnal Green Borough Council will carry out an electric lighting scheme.

Stephen Jenner, of Fulham, is to-day, at the Stanley Show, to be presented with the Humane Society's medal for saving life by Mr. Montague Holbein.

### STERILISED MILK DEPOTS.

Southwark Borough Council will pay an official visit to the sterilised milk depot at Battersea with a view to having a similar institution built in the borough.

The Southwark Council has been moved to take this step owing to the exceptionally high infant mortality in the district.

### OYSTERS AND TYPHOID.

With reference to a report by Dr. Collingridge, that a case of typhoid fever has occurred owing to oysters purchased in the City, it was stated yesterday in Common Council that a great reformation had been brought about in the sale of shell fish in London.

The Fishmongers' Company had spent thousands of pounds, with the result that all contaminated fisheries were practically closed. Every fishery was now under the most careful scrutiny.

### LANCE AS A CAVALRY WEAPON.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mayne, R.E., lecturing yesterday on "The Lance as a Cavalry Weapon" at the United Service Institution, said the lance was an encumbrance in scouting, and the "charge" was not dependent on the hand weapon for its successful issue.

The true cavalry weapon was the man and horse moving at high speed in mobile masses.

The sword and firearm formed all the weapons required by cavalry to enable it to fulfil its rôle in the field.

### FASCINATION OF GAMBLING.

"I seem as if I cannot stay at home. I go down to the town and start gambling, and if I win I go home; if I lose I stop out."

Thus a sixteen-year-old Bradford millhand, named Henry Meredith, charged at the Bradford City Court with having no visible means of subsistence.

The Chief Constable (Mr. Joseph Farndale) said the youth had a good home, and he was remanded with a view to hearing the explanation of his parent.

### GUARDING THE KING.

The King has ordered an alteration in the sentry posts on the Forecourt Gates of Buckingham Palace.

When either the King or the Queen is in residence at the Palace there are to be two sentries at each of the centre gates, and one each at the North and South side gates.

When neither of their Majesties is in residence, one at each of the centre gates and none at the side gates. In future no sentry will be posted on the mews.

### LADY DOCTORS' WORK.

Of seventy-five women who have passed their medical degrees at London during the past two years, the majority have adopted hospital work.

Twenty-five have appointments at the New Hospital for Women, nineteen are at the Royal Free Hospital, and fourteen are in provincial hospitals.

Eight have gone to India, two hold office under the Education Committee of the L.C.C., one is a sanitary officer at Alexandria, one at Camberwell Infirmary, one officer of health on the Gold Coast, and one a public vaccinator at Poplar.

## "I Will Introduce It Wherever I Go."

A delighted purchaser's appreciation of the "Daily Mirror" Miniatures.

Mr. G. E. CLARKE, Elgin Avenue, London, W., writes:—"Received Miniature this morning, and am very pleased with it, especially as the photo sent to you was taken 12 years ago. Everyone I have shown it to is surprised at the low price. I will introduce it wherever I go."

It is impossible for you to form any conception of the real beauty of a "Daily Mirror" Miniature until you have seen one. No photograph, however perfect, can give you such a realistic and lifelike impression of yourself as one of these delicately tinted little portraits in water colours. Those who wish to secure one of these dainty and charming Works of Art as a Christmas Present should send off immediately. It is risky to wait until the Christmas rush. Owing to the delicate and tedious nature of the work it is impossible for our artists to execute them more rapidly than they are at present. Remember that it is only as an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" that we are able to offer you these beautiful little Miniatures, finished in water colours, mounted as

## PENDANT, 2/11; BROOCH, 3/3.

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How to Send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant in the Coupon below, enclose photograph and postage, and send to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror" .....

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WRITE Name .....

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Colour of Hair .....

Complexion .....

Colour of Eyes .....

Dress .....

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

## KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR.

Memories of the Dark Ages at a Bazaar.

### CURATES AS CRUSADERS.

Had any gentle stranger walked into the Imperial Hall, East Dulwich, yesterday, he would have wondered what age and what country he had fallen upon. He would have found Frederick the Great patrolling up and down with beautiful Cleopatra; Greek girls hobnobbing with girls from Turkey, India, and Germany, and here and there a man of Ancient France.

Had he known it, he was in a fancy bazaar—but a fancy bazaar of an unusual kind. It was the "Wide World Fair" on behalf of the church of St. John the Evangelist, Dulwich, under the patronage of Princess Louise and other distinguished personages.

Among the stallholders—mostly fair daughters of Dulwich—every nation under the sun was represented. There were ladies in the flowing garb of Turkey, in the graceful garments of Greece, in the gala-dress of ancient Spain. Here dark-haired Venetian beauties talked languidly with prosaic peasants of the Fatherland. There neat little Geishas from the Fair East chatted vivaciously with stalwart country girls of old England. There were girls of Turkey, gorgeous in gold and white, flurried with bronzed Crusaders, much to the indignation, be it said, of the solitary Turkish Prince, who could have wished himself in very truth under Turkish laws and customs.

The ladies were everything that could be desired, but the men did not seem quite happy in their unusual costumes. There was a little shyness, a little hope-to-goodness-I've-not-them-on-the-right-way-round feeling, a little uncomfortable self-consciousness.

The Knights of St. John, for instance, who acted as bodyguards to the Duchess of Marlborough, who opened the bazaar—two of them were local curates—were clothed in high helmets, chain armour round their necks and shoulders, and long dark cloaks, and bore their honours by no means lightly. "I've got 14lb. of metal on me," said one, "and I feel very top-heavy." "I wish I had some trousers," said another, pulling his cloak more closely round him, and pointing to his tight-fitting leg-covering. "I wonder if someone would lend me a rug!" There were the usual side-shows of bran tub, shooting gallery, music stand, and Japanese dances, and a splendid band.

His Majesty the King sent a present of game, and the bazaar, which runs for four days, claims the Duchess of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Blandford, and Countess Cadogan among its openers. A photograph of the knights is on page 9.

## THE CITY.

Another Chartered Circular, and Shares Rise—Home Rails Decline—Tintos Touch 62.

CAPITAL COURT, Thursday Evening.—To-day was preliminary carry-over day in Kaffirs, and so we are virtually at the close of the Stock Exchange account. It would seem from the details arranged that the speculative account open in Kaffirs is substantially larger than was the case at the last Stock Exchange account. The Chartered Company has sent out another circular to-day about the recent alluvial discoveries, and so far as the property has been examined, the results are not so good as regards the great bulk of the area, we have only prospectors' chatter to go upon. However, Chartered were helped by the circular as 2 1/2, and in fact all Kaffirs were cheerful and fairly active. Other mining sections did not show much feature, it being too near the end of the account, but there was an attempt to work up interest in Nile Valleys after 2, on the strength of a report issued by the managing director. Consols kept steady during most of the day, for one thing the Bank rate was not altered. But Consols eased off at the finish to 88 1/2. The Bank Return shows that the Reserve was only £250,000 down, and in the circumstances this was approved.

What could be expected in the Home Railway market with severe snowstorms in prospect? There was, of course, some decline in prices, as was only natural. But on the whole the market keeps up well. Everybody seems willing to admit that as the dividend season nears we shall see better times in this section. But to-day there was some selling before the carry-over.

### Grand Trunks Better.

The New York Stock Exchange was closed to-day. It was Thanksgiving Day, with very little cause for thanksgiving in consequence, as regards business on this date. Nevertheless, after fluctuating somewhat, American Rails closed firm. Atchisons, Steels, and Baltimores were the shares affected. Canadian Rails were a little better, and notably Grand Trunks, for here there was a good point in a traffic increase of £8,888, which was about double market expectations. Talk of labour troubles in Argentina seemed in no way to check the Argentine Railway, which was really quite firm. Still, most people who know anything of Argentina seemed to be expecting strikes of railway servants during the next month or two. It is hoped, however, that they will not prove of serious dimensions. The Mexican group as a whole was stronger, and here and there was a rumour that Congress had approved the currency scheme. No official confirmation was forthcoming in business hours. Copper shares continued interesting. The Tintos there was quite a respectable recovery in them. Rio Tintos touched 62. The recent decline was probably due to speculative profit-taking, for the metal brokers talk as optimists as ever. Generally speaking, international favourites were fairly firm. The Peruvian Corporation dividend was after official hours. It was 1 1/2 per cent. Preference, with a good reserve and carry forward.

Anglo-American Telegraph descriptions were good. Perhaps this helped the rest of the cable group, for the various securities certainly showed a firm tone. Armament shares were good. Hudson's Bays were a better market.



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1904.

## MILITARISM RUN MAD.

WHEN English people talk about "militarism" in Prussia they generally think of the overbearing aspect of Prussian officers, which they may have observed for themselves, and of the stories they have read about the severe punishments sometimes imposed by sergeants on unfortunate recruits. Few have any conception of the extraordinary, or, to British minds, extravagant, ideas upon which the Kaiser's military system depends.

A trial which has just concluded in Prussia showed up these ideas in a very striking light. The men tried were two soldiers. They were at a public dance one evening lately. In the course of the evening a non-commissioned officer entered the hall drunk, and insulted the partners of the two soldiers. When they protested he drew his sword and became dangerous, as a drunken man would in such circumstances. Then the two soldiers took away his sword.

For this they have each been sentenced to five years' hard labour. The non-commissioned officer was at the same time charged with making an improper use of his weapon. He pleaded that, being drunk, he did not know what he was doing. He was sent to prison for three months. In Prussia, in short, it is considered to be twenty times as wrong to disarm a dangerous drunkard as it is to be dangerously drunk.

It may be thought that this is a strained inference to draw from the disparity of the sentences. In order to dispel that idea we will quote a conversation which took place between the prosecuting and defending counsel:

"Is a soldier not allowed to defend his honour and his life against a superior officer?"

"No, self-defence is a conception which does not exist in the relations between soldiers and their superiors. The inferior may complain, but he must not resist."

"May he not resist, even if an officer is using his weapon illegally?"

"No, he may not."

In fact, the Prussian law says that a soldier must under no circumstances prevent his superior officer from insulting, wounding, or even killing him. It does, however, kindly allow him to complain about it after he is dead.

## THINKING AND EATING.

A Manchester Health Society lecturer has been doing his best to make our flesh creep. He says that almost everything we eat is bad for us. White bread causes physical degeneration. Salt is an irritant poison, and drives people to drink. Pepper and mustard encourage over-eating. Tea produces dyspepsia, aerated waters are unwholesome, and so on.

His gloomy views provoke one to exclaim, "What can we eat?" If we believed all we were told, we should soon starve. Why is it that of late years we hear such constant denunciations of all the foods and drinks that constitute our daily nutriment?

It is simply because most of us think far too much about "how we feel." We are rapidly becoming a nation of faddists. We eat too much and take too little exercise; and when we begin to feel the ill-effects of this folly we try to find someone who will tell us that it is not really our own fault; that we have been made ill by eating the wrong things.

Healthy human beings can eat almost anything so long as they eat in moderation and do not stop to wonder whether it is likely to agree with them or not. That is the real cause of our stomach troubles—too much worrying, too much thought. We prove once more the truth of Hamlet's remark: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen or course of physio, is purposes so object, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them.—*Addison*.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

AFTER so many weeks spent in watching his wife's illness, Lord Curzon has at last been able to start for India. He seldom allows anything to interfere with his labours. He generally manages about fourteen hours' work a day, and this in spite of his delicate physique. Lord Curzon is really gifted with an extraordinary will power, which enables him to overcome weak health. What strikes his friends more than anything else about him is his determination. When he was quite young a Cabinet Minister described him as "an oarsman who has been overtrained," for even then he was hard upon himself. But, in spite of overtraining, the oarsman has always won.

English diplomatic circles will be sorry to learn that Viscountess Hayashi, the wife of the Japanese Minister in London, has been ordered back to Japan for her health's sake. She finds, like most other people, that the English climate is too much for her. Unlike the rest of us, she is able to fly to summer shores. The Viscountess will leave many friends behind her. She has never quite learnt English—she has found the language as

hard to get used to as the climate. But she speaks French admirably, and finds that enough for diplomatic necessities. She is very interested in journalism, and her only daughter married the proprietor of the Japanese newspaper which rejoices in the name of Ji-ji Shimpo.

Actors are notoriously more talked about nowadays than anybody else, and actors' servants, too, are unwilling to remain inglorious. In Paris these generally attain fame by acts of violence. Thus it is that the cook of M. le Bargy, the well-known actor of the Théâtre Français, has won recognition by firing a revolver with deadly effect at the saucers in M. le Bargy's kitchen. M. le Bargy is at present away in Spain, and so escaped the shock to his nerves which such an outrage upon saucers must have occasioned. It was Madame le Bargy who reasoned with the indignant cook.

M. le Bargy, besides being an excellent actor, is the best-dressed man in Paris. Or perhaps one ought to say, that in the intervals of being the best-dressed man in Paris he goes in for acting.

## THE NORTH SEA FISHES THANK THE TSAR.



The cartoonist of an Italian comic paper, the "Pasquino," thus makes fun of the Baltic Fleet. He shows a deputation from the North Sea fishes thanking the Tsar for sending his ships to defend them against the Hull fishermen!

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Walter Long.

AS President of the Local Government Board, he has made a really serious attempt to tackle the question of winter distress among the unemployed, and to-day committees of all the London boroughs will meet to go further into the scheme which he has evolved, and are to be addressed on the subject by Mr. Long himself.

In England as a whole, as well as in the House of Commons, he is looked upon as the spokesman of the country squire and yeoman. He is a squire himself in instincts, though he does not quite look it. Fifty years of age now, there is nothing heavy in his appearance. He is of middle height, very active, and almost a dandy in dress. Nor is there anything of the country squire in his speech. He is terribly fluent, and speaks faster than almost anyone else in the House, but he is always welcome when he gets up, for though he repeats himself very badly in his speeches, he always looks so healthy that he is like a breath from the moors.

He is still a very keen sportsman. A neat seat in the saddle, a neat shot, a sharp hand at bridge, a heart always ready for any fun that may be going, have earned him the name of a good fellow, and in his early days—the days when he founded the Parliamentary Point-to-Point steeplechase—the name of a daredevil.

One of his greatest amusements, the next to hunting in fact, is cricket, and he may often be seen on a summer's day at Lord's, in a light grey suit and a white hat.

He is the sort of man with whom people try to be familiar—till they have been snubbed.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit From Home and Abroad.

AT Plymouth, where an exhibition is being held, the inhabitants are not quite up-to-date in their knowledge of science. According to the "Exhibition News," an old lady, asked to come and see "the startling spenhariscopic scintillations of radium," replied, "I have just had my tea!"

London had a nasty accident yesterday: it displaced its traffic.—"Globe."

"You seem to be paying a great deal for your obesity cure."

"Yes, that's part of the treatment. The cheques I have to draw make me thinner every week."—"Gil Blas" (French).

Old Gentleman: But what sort of work are you fitted for?

The Tramp: Well, ye see, boss, I'm used ter bein' in gaol, an' I was thinkin' I wouldn't mind takin' a job as chauffeur.—"Life," New York.

He (apologetically, as clock strikes): Why, I am late in leaving to-night!

She (with best intentions): Well, better late than never you know.—"Fliegende Blätter" (German).

"Why is the ocean so restless?" queried the fair passenger.

"Well," replied the gallant captain, "one could hardly expect it to rest easy with so many rocks in its bed."—"Chicago News."

No stage has ever set off more wonderful clothes than M. le Bargy's. In one play he appeared in a violet or lilac coloured frock-coat. That created an immense sensation. Then his cravats and tie-pins are almost too good to be true. M. le Bargy is the adored of the fair, the Beau Nash of France, the "creator" of new fashions and manners. Off the stage he is unfortunately a little bald.

We have only one actor in England who could possibly be compared with M. le Bargy. That actor is Mr. Henry Lytton, who is to have the part of a guardsman in the new piece at the Lyric, due for its next month. Mr. Lytton, it is said, has also caused innumerable hearts to break, and innumerable ladies to eat his name written on bits of paper. But he has had much hard experience before becoming what he is.

Mr. Lytton's hard times ended, however, with his first appearance at the Savoy. He was understudying George Grossmith, and was suddenly called up to play an important part, which he had never seen. He learnt it in the morning, and played it, with great success, at night. Since then he has got on well. Like M. le Bargy again, Mr. Lytton married an actress.

Lord Beauchamp, who has just been saying severe things about organists, is said to share with Mr. Beerholm Tree the honour of having made more speeches than any other Englishman. Lord Beauchamp believes in trying to convince others. He has always been very serious in his tastes. At one time it was said that he intended to enter the Church, and certainly he has always shown the keenest interest in Church questions. He is fond of innovations. When Governor of New South Wales his balls were unkindly called the "Seidlitz Powder Balls," because the tickets of admission were blue and white, and the blue admitted to more privileges than the white. That was an innovation resented in New South Wales.

It was long supposed that Lord Beauchamp would never marry. Why? Because there was once a curse in his family. The curse was directed against the eldest son of an eldest son; it was said that such a son, in the Earl's family, would never inherit, because the wealth of the family came from the spoils of the Church. But, although Lord Beauchamp is exceedingly rich, he overcame the fear of the curse. He married Lady Lettice Grosvenor in 1902, and so far neither of them has had any cause to regret it.

Londoners are soon to have an opportunity of hearing the well-known Parisian music-hall singer, Harry Fragon. Fragon has made his name in Paris, but he is really an Englishman. He speaks French perfectly, and also German, Spanish, and Flemish. He is a confirmed practical joker, often amuses himself by swallowing lighted matches in cafés. The French waiters enjoy it enormously. He is also said to have invented a comb which rings in a melancholy way each time a hair is missing.

Colonel Le Roy Lewis, whose gallant rescue of his family and servants from his burning Hampshire house is in everybody's mouth, was not a soldier until the Boer war. He was a barrister who volunteered for the Imperial Yeomanry, and did so well that he soon got a command and a staff appointment. He was mentioned in despatches more than once, and given the Distinguished Service Order. Now he is reckoned an authority on military matters, especially those connected with the Auxiliary Forces. There is no doubt about his being a brave and capable man.

One of the most successful charity concerts of the year was given yesterday at the Empress Rooms by Mrs. Hayden-Coffin. The prospect of hearing Mr. Hayden-Coffin sing always attracts hundreds of enthusiastic people. The popular singer has always been gifted with a voice. Even when he was at school someone who heard him remarked, "It is wonderful how such an enormous voice comes out of the throat of such a little fellow!" Mr. Hayden-Coffin's most popular songs have been "Queen of My Heart" and "Tommy Atkins." Of the first, he says: "It made thousands of pounds for the publisher and management—and made me."

A "bull," which will take a lot of beating, has just been made by a councillor at a meeting of the Preston Corporation. He solemnly declared that for many years the River Ribbles has been "a verbal dog in the manger. Everybody kicked it."

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

NOVEMBER 25.—It is not everyone who can afford to buy flowers every day during the long winter months, but there is a very simple way out of the difficulty.

The bright winter cherry, or "honesty," with its shining seed-pods (both of which are now ready for picking), makes a cheerful substitute for cut flowers. Many a vase indoors should be filled with them.

Winter cherry is one of the easiest plants to grow. It becomes, indeed, quite a troublesome weed if it be allowed to spread at will.

"Honesty" will thrive in any old corner and flower there for years, seeding itself freely if the ground is not disturbed. E. F. T.



# "MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

LADY KNOLLYS AND HER CHILDREN.



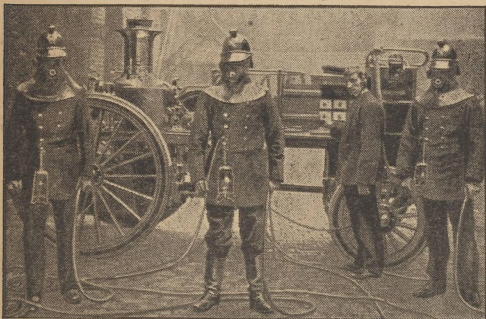
She is the wife of Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary. The children are the Hon. Alexandra Knollys, aged sixteen, and the Hon. Edward Knollys, aged nine.—(Lafayette.)

HOCKEY AT LORD'S.



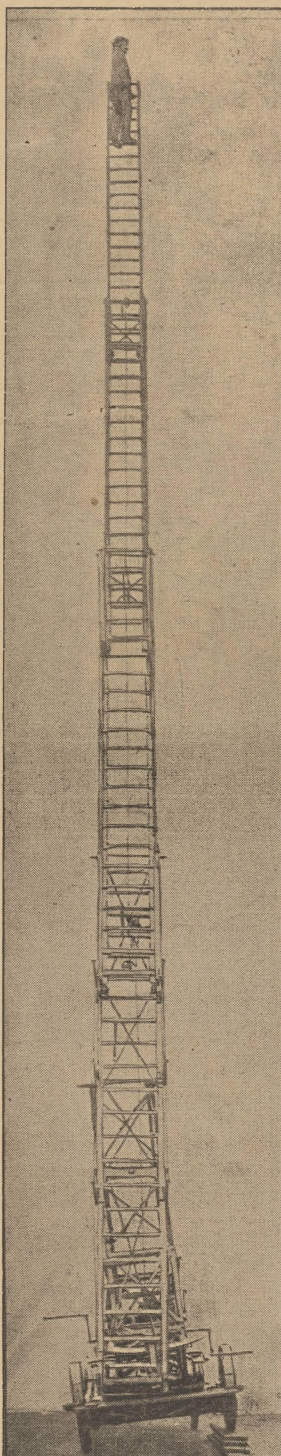
Middlesex beat the United Hospitals by 2 goals to 1 in the first hockey match played at Lord's.

MANCHESTER FIREMEN



Equipped with the new telephone helmet, which enables them while inside a burning house to communicate with the outer world.

TELESCOPIC FIRE-ESCAPE



The up-to-date appliance used by the Fire Brigade of Manchester. It folds up on a horse-drawn truck, and can reach the scene of the fire with great dispatch.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH



At the opening of the Wide World Fair, at Goose Green, the picturesquely

MR. PINERO'S MUCH-LOVED



The Doll Scene in "A Wife Without a Smile" has been described as "Go on, Haynes! The two





# INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES

## AND HER GALLANT KNIGHTS.



of honour to the Duchess consisted of Knights of St. John, ancient garb.

## USED DANCING DOLL.



When the photograph was taken Seymour Rippingill was saying "Haynes, twiddle!"

## LATEST OVERCOAT.



The coat is made with a crease so that it sticks out behind. This photograph was made in a fashionable Piccadilly tailor's shop yesterday.

## MADAME DE CISNEROS.



A talented member of the San Carlo Opera Company, now performing at Covent Garden.—(Johnston and Hoffmann.)

## CHAMPION GIRL SWIMMERS.



Three daughters of Mr. J. G. Smith, of the London Fire Brigade. Miss L. M. Smith, aged fifteen, has won the London Schools Swimming Association Championship of London. Her sisters, Miss Nellie Smith, aged seventeen, and Miss Gwennie Smith, aged thirteen, hold many prizes.

## TRIUMPHANT SOUTHERNERS.



In the trial Rugby match, South v. West, at the Richmond Athletic Ground, the "West Country" were routed. The above picture shows a good scrum, with the Westerners defending their line and—



—this shows Rogers, who, by his great play, is certain to win his cap this year, kicking a goal for the South. The result was: South, 35 points; West, 3 points.



# THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

## PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.

RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, and has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society.

Through Deverill he offers his sister, who for a long time has "cut" him, £2,000 to invite him to dinner.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Heaven help poor Rosamond.

Mrs. La Grange was celebrated as the most talkative lady of her set, no small eminence to reach. She could rattle on incessantly in ordinary mood. When excited, as she was to-night, at the prospect of meeting her brother, she was doubly voluble. Lady Gascoyne sat almost crouching under the cataract of words.

"You don't know, dear, what a relief it is, your being here. I don't think I could see him alone. You won't mind sitting still while I dress, will you? I shall not have time after dinner. I can't bear to be alone; no, not for an instant. I will manage to get on without my maid. Let me see the Lesters are on my number—three list, I think."

Mrs. La Grange consulted a little gilt-edged memorandum book, which had a delicately-executed monogram on its morocco cover.

"Yes, number three, I thought so. Such a good idea that, Rosamond. It saves such a lot of thinking. That means that one may wear a dress there for the third time—I mean, I dress that one has worn twice elsewhere. I think—"

The lady put her hand to her forehead, and remained absorbed in deep meditation for the full space of half a minute.

"Yes, that's it—the white chiffon. It's rather bad to dress for that house, don't you know. Mrs. Lester has such horrid taste in wall papers, they simply kill everything. Do you know, Rosamond, I can't help feeling a little nervous about to-night. I suppose I am rather sensitive, but I can't help remembering the days when my brother and I played as children together. He was an awful little bully; but still, there it is—he was my brother, and that means a lot, doesn't it?"

Mrs. La Grange paused in her monologue as a sudden thought came to her mind. She went over and examined the window fastenings, while Lady Gascoyne watched her with some surprise.

"I mustn't forget," she ran on, "to tell my servants to see that the house is well looked up to-night."

"Surely," cried the astonished Lady Gascoyne, "you don't suspect that your brother wishes to dine with you that he may commit a burglary later?"

"Oh, no, I don't exactly suspect—but it's always well to be on one's guard against everything." Her ladyship had heard a good deal in an incidental way about Harold Somerton, but what she had just listened to gave her a more vivid impression of his capacity for evil than she had before had.

"Why do you allow him to come, if you really think him capable of such conduct?" she asked.

"Well, I ought to give him a chance, oughtn't I—and he may be quite sincere? Mr. Deverill says, you know, that he's got a lot of money now, and that, so far as Mr. Deverill's counsel judge, he came by it in quite a decent way. There's nothing like money, you know, Rosamond, for making people feel virtuous. Oh, I've noticed it such a lot of times. I always feel good myself when I have a balance at my banker's. I don't often have a chance to feel good. At the present moment, I am far in the other direction, I can assure you."

"I hope," said Lady Gascoyne, "that your brother will remember that he has had money from you."

"He's already done that," cried Mrs. La Grange, who was so absorbed in dressing herself that she forgot that she ought not to admit this.

"Ah," exclaimed the listener, who now began to understand why the sudden tide of sisterly affection had flowed.

"Yes, he sent me word by Mr. Deverill that his first thought was to arrange his little account with me. I shall believe him when I hear the crackling of the bank notes. Of course, this has nothing to do with my receiving him to-night."

"Of course not," echoed the listener promptly. "You would have asked him just the same." She was sorry for an instant that she had consented to remain to dinner. She felt uncomfortable in having to dine in the same dress as she had worn during the afternoon. Moreover, she did not care to have Richard Deverill making comparisons.

"I think," she said somewhat coldly, "that with your white hair, dear, you ought to get a spot of colour in here and there—that is, if you persist in wearing white."

Mrs. La Grange ran to the mirror, as she listened to this guarded intimation that her dress was too young for her years, and examined her face with reassuring effect.

"I'm awfully sorry, Rosamond," she said good-humouredly, "that I must be dressed when you are not. You know it's not intentional; I haven't time after. You look simply sweet, anyhow, as you always do. How do you suppose he will come in?—without the slightest sign of embarrassment, I know. If I saw that, I should see something quite new, I assure you. Why did you say you would ask him to come to you, Rosamond?"

Lady Gascoyne shrugged her shoulders.

"I want to help you, Hermione," she said with her gentlest lip. "I admire what you are doing so much. I owe you something, you know, dearest. We have never spoken of it, but you know how grateful I am."

In the intimate atmosphere of the bedroom the excitement upon the expectant meeting led Mrs. La Grange to frank expression of a curiosity which under other circumstances would have been concealed.

"Where were you that night?" she asked abruptly.

Lady Gascoyne had many frivolous, but few unguarded, moments. The expansiveness which opened every secret of Mrs. La Grange to her never infected Lady Gascoyne. Fond as she was of her friend, she did not deviate from a principle which she had long ago laid down. On the first day of every year, she wrote in tiny letters on the first page of her engagement-book these words:

"Always treat your women friends as though you expect them one day to be your enemies."

Her husband had never seen this quotation; and she did not realise how significant a clue it gave to the essential insincerity of her own character.

Lady Gascoyne stifled an ostentatious yawn as she reminded her friend about the music-hall. Mrs. La Grange smiled into the mirror, and was not sorry that she had asked the question. The stab about a too-youthful dress had been repaid, and she felt the stab were quits.

"You are acting like a true pal, as, of course, you always would," she said, "but really, you are doing more than is necessary. I put it plainly to you, Rosamond. It's no favour to me. It doesn't help me in the least for you to ask him to your house. I don't want to be responsible for your trouble that might result from that. You know your husband is not too fond of me as it is. You'd never dare to tell him that you have entertained Harold Somerton. If he should find it out he would make no end of a row. He might even insist on your breaking with me. He will know 'hat you have done it for my sake. Please don't say any such risk. Rosamond, I should simply never have risked it if anything were to come between you and me."

"Nothing will happen," responded Lady Gascoyne, but she did not speak with confidence. Her courage was oozing as the moment was approaching in which she must stand face to face with the terrible man whose own sister appeared to think was a blackguard, and who held her good name, her social position, in the hollow of his hand. She was beginning to realise how terrible it was to have to dance as a puppet to the strings pulled by such a man.

"Of course," she continued, hesitating, "I only want to do what pleases you, Hermione. It all depends on what happens at dinner to-night. If he suggests himself impossible, of course I shall do nothing foolish—but, do you know, I believe in his sincerity."

While Lady Gascoyne was deftly fixing complicated hooks into eyes most ingeniously hidden, Mrs. La Grange felt it her duty to extend to her friend a solemn word of warning.

"Mr. Deverill's words carry great weight with you, Rosamond," she said with an air of gravity, trebly impressive because so unusual. "You accept his strange championship of my brother as the most natural thing in the world. You adopt his views immediately as to Harold's sincerity. You won't mind my saying it, I'm sure, but I have noticed several times that he seems to influence you a lot."

She could feel that the light, graceful fingers which were touching her bodice here and there were trembling. She felt encouraged to go on.

"It's all very well," she continued, "to have men friends—it is dangerous to have one. It is sure to attract notice sooner or later."

"There," cried Lady Gascoyne, as she patted the white, round shoulder of her monitress, and stepped back, "now let me see how you look."

Mrs. La Grange instantly forgot her quiet warning when confronted with the more important matter of her own appearance.

On a seat in the lavatory Richard Deverill was walking up and down in the gathering twilight, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and trying to accustom himself to the idea of seeing Rosamond Gascoyne seated at the dinner-table with a known adventurer, a convicted criminal, a man of notoriously shady life. His feeling for Rosamond was at the moment one of positive repulsion. Too experienced not to be aware that this feeling, the result of her words and actions of the afternoon, was a mere temporary lull in the ever-veering storm of unlawful love, it nevertheless weighed him completely down. The grim spectre of remorse stalked after him as he walked up and down the path.

He thought constantly of Mr. Justice Gascoyne, of the wrong which he had done against one too high

in character, too noble in his ideas, to be suspicious of the honour of man or the faith of woman.

"I should not have left her to choose," he said to himself. "Sorry you out though it is, the straight thing to do is to confess to all the world by going away openly. I cannot turn back on her—yet, I cannot continue to lead this life of shameless deceit. I have no longer the right to call myself a gentleman."

These much-belated self-torturings had come to him with their full force only since his first meeting with Harold Somerton. It is when the wages of sin begin to be demanded that most people begin to regret. And it is then too late.

The other complication added deeply to his trouble.

"He can never carry out his absurd idea about Gertrude Gascoyne," he reflected; "but that doesn't make it less shameful. Rosamond will bring the two together. I can see she means to do it. It is sacrilege. Gertrude is kind-hearted, gentle, unsuspicious. Rosamond will easily convince her that she is doing a good act in meeting this man sometimes, quietly, either here under Mrs. La Grange's wing, or at Knolly House. His wife—then, his sister, too. No, I can't do it, I won't do it. I won't stand by and see it done."

Yet, even as he spoke, he remembered the words of Harold Somerton, echoed by Rosamond Gascoyne. He seemed to hear them whispered from every side.

"You must choose between these two—which will you sacrifice; which has the greater claim?" Then he saw the motor pulling up at the gate.

With his hands in his pockets he strolled leisurely down the path.

"Good-evening," he said in quiet, careless tone, as though welcoming the usual casual acquaintance of the club.

"Good car, that," Somerton called out, as he handed the chauffeur a tip. Then he came in at the gate, throwing open his light motor car, thus disclosing his tall, well-knit figure, and his perfect-fitting evening clothes. Deverill could not deny that this man had the misfortune to be distinguished-looking. He was not one who could creep back into drawing-rooms without attracting attention. Every head would be turned to glance at such a commanding figure.

He made no attempt to shake hands, and the two fell into step and walked side by side, as though they were assured friends.

"I don't think the ladies have come down yet," said Deverill. "You've been very prompt."

"Not prompter than you. A question or two to guide me, then we may drop unpleasant subjects. How have you managed this so quickly?"

"Fortune favoured me. I could not have succeeded if I had not made it clear that your desires were very moderate."

"Quite so," his sister jumped at the chance—she was happy in extending a hand to the long estranged brother?

"I told her," was the dry answer, "that you appeared to be extremely prosperous."

Deverill felt compelled to say this. He wished Somerton to understand that he must pay over the promised money. He was relieved when the other, with a cynical smile, tapped his breast and said that he had come prepared to do all he had promised.

"A jolly little crib she has here," he continued. "She does a lot with her money. If she would only not try to do a little more than it will do, she would be a rattling manager. And Lady Gascoyne—?"

"She knows nothing," answered Deverill coldly. He would not admit to any community of deceit between her and this man.

"You must be a wonderful advocate," said Somerton, with a hint of incredulity in his voice.

"She is strongly attached to your sister," was Deverill's grave reply, "and she would do much for Mrs. La Grange. She is quite sincere, and her belief in you, and in her wish to do any reasonable little thing that will smoothe your path, and please your sister."

"Good. You have not, then, referred to Miss Gascoyne?"

"No. That would be premature. You have your own way now to make with Lady Gascoyne. The path is open to you. If she believes in you, she will do much for you. She has the kindest of hearts."

"My dear chap," cried Somerton, as they entered the house, "you should be in the diplomatic service. Your talents are wasted."

A footman stepped forward and took Somerton's coat. The man's wooden face gave no hint of the astonishment that aged in the servants' hall.

"Mrs. La Grange will be down in a few minutes, sir," he said, as he threw open the door of the drawing-room.

After a few minutes' delay the two ladies entered, not even having condescended to mutual support by linking arms. Mrs. La Grange came quietly across the room, and extended her hand with the careless, casual grace of one who welcomed a constant and agreeable visitor.

Lady Gascoyne pitched her note in the same key. The awkward meeting was over—without awkwardness. They were all too well trained even to rush into hurried and meaningless conversation, the usual fault of those inexperienced in confronting strange situations.

When dinner was announced the visitor, as a matter of course, extended his arm to Lady Gascoyne. Deverill's face flushed. Mrs. La Grange felt his arm trembling as he led her into the dining room. The uncontrollable emotion dashed a sudden message to her.

"There is something behind this," she said to herself, "they are doing this against their will. Has he got them in his power? If so, Heaven help poor Rosamond."

(To be continued.)

## HOW GREW TALL

A startling story which will interest all who are short.

The height of either sex can quickly be increased from two to five inches. These marvellous results can be accomplished at home without the knowledge of your most intimate friends.

The Free Book tells you all about it.



Mr. K. LEO MINGES.

Inventors, scientists, and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparatively young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges by name, to discover what so many others had failed to do.

Mr. Minges resides in Rochester, N.Y., and has devoted the best part of his life in studying and experimenting on the Cartilage, and his great efforts have at last been crowned with success. A large Company, composed of Rochester's leading citizens, has been formed for the purpose of placing Mr. Minges' discoveries and inventions before the public, so that now it is possible for any lady or gentleman who is short to increase his or her height from two to five inches. These results are absolutely guaranteed.

Mr. Minges has successfully used his method on himself, and his growth from a short, boy to a handsome, robust man of six feet one inch in height. Thousands of people living in all parts of the world are using his method with equally startling results. Let us send you the absolute proof of the above statement. We have just issued a beautifully illustrated book, entitled "The Secret of How to Grow Tall," which contains information that will surprise you. Ten thousand of these remarkable books will be given away absolutely free of charge in order to introduce them. If you fail to receive a copy you will always regret it. This great book tells how Mr. Minges made his wonderful discovery. It tells you how you can increase your height and build up your system. It contains the pictures and statements of many who have used this method. After you receive the book you will thank us the longest day you live for having placed within your reach this great opportunity.

Remember a postcard will bring it to your very door all charges prepaid. All correspondence strictly confidential and sent in plain envelope. If you wish a free copy of this book and the proof of our claims, write to-day, using a penny postcard or 2d. stamp. Address: The Cartilage Company, 3612, Monroe Building, Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

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## MR. JACOBS'S NEW BOOK.

Infallible Cure for the Megrim and  
November Depression.

DIALSTONE LANE. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated  
by Will Owen. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

Like the barges around which he weaves so many of his laughable yarns, Mr. Jacobs's new story takes a little time to get under way. There is a good deal of creaking and pulling of ropes before it is really started.

When once it is off, though, it runs gaily before a fresh breeze of fun and fancy. The shipmates we find on board are the same we have sailed with many a time before. There is the retired sea-captain, once the terror of his crews, now subjugated by feminine arts. There is the pert and pretty young woman, courted in spite of her bristling wit by the usually quick-witted young man whose disarming simplicity seldom fails to score. There is the amusing gang of sharps and toughs, whose wits are always at work upon some roguery or other; and there are three silly old men, whom

entertaining rascals. He tells them of a ship that he knows to be for sale.

"What 'ud a schooner like that fetch?" inquired Mr. Stobell.

"It all depends," said Mr. Brisket. "Of course, if I buy it."

Mr. Stobell held up his hand again. "All depends whether you buy it for us or sell it for the man it belongs to," he said.

Captain Brisket jumped up, and to Mr. Chalk's horror smote the speaker heavily on the back.

"You're a damn," said Captain Brisket, in tones of unmistakable respect. "That's what you are. Lord, if I'd got the head for business you have I should be a man of fortune by now."

Mr. Stobell, who had half risen, sat down again, and for the first time since his last contract but one, a smile played lightly about the corners of his mouth. He took another drink, and shaking his head slightly as he put the glass down, smiled again with the air of a man who has been reproached for making a pun.

"Let me do it for you," said Captain Brisket impressively. "I'll tell you where to go without being seen in the matter or letting old Todd know that I'm in it. Ask him a price and bide him down; when you've got his lowest, come to me and give me one pound in every ten I save you."

The dauntless three decide to take this advice, and Captain Brisket directs them how to find the owner, a certain Mr. Todd.

"There's the wharf just along there," he said, pointing up the road. "I'll wait for you at the 'Jack Ashore' here. Don't offer him too much to begin with."

"I thought of offering a hundred pounds," said Mr. Stobell. "If the ship's sound we can't be very much over that sum."

Captain Brisket stared at him. "No; don't do that," he said, recovering, and speaking with great gravity. "Offer him seventy. Good luck."

He watched them up the road, and then, with a mysterious grin, turned into the "Jack Ashore," and, taking a seat in the bar, waited patiently for their return.

Some time elapses. Then there are faint sounds of a distant uproar.

The landlord, who was glancing at a paper, put it down and listened. "Sounds like old Todd at it again," he said, coming round to the trading round to the door.

The noise came closer. "It is old Todd," said another customer, and hastily finishing his beer, moved with the others to the door. Captain Brisket, with a fine air of indifference, lounged after them, and peering over their shoulders, obtained a good view of the approaching disturbance.

His three patrons, with a hopeless attempt to appear unconcerned, were coming down the road, while close behind a respectable-looking old gentleman, with a long white beard and a voice like a top-horn, almost danced with excitement. They quickened their pace as they neared the inn, and Mr. Chalk, throwing appearances to

## THE COST OF BEAUTY.

A Year of Painful and Tedious Treatments  
Undergone by a Parisienne.

There is a French saying to the effect that "You must suit to be beautiful." It is certainly true in Paris, for a French lady's-maid has just revealed the secrets of her mistress's beauty.

The treatment lasted a year. During the mornings she lay flat on her back on the floor. This was to improve the figure. The afternoon she spent sitting on a high stool, swaying her body about from the hips. This beautified the waist and throat.

Her nose was tip-dilted, but was made Grecian by wearing a spring bandage day and night for months. One nostril was larger than the other. This was corrected by a pad.

Her cheeks were filled out by injections of paraffin. Her ears were compressed against the sides of her head by springs, while heavy weights were attached to the lobes to produce the correct elongated shape.

Now she is beautiful, but the treatment took a year—not to mention the suffering.

## A NEW TERROR IN TRAFFIC.

We think we know what it is to suffer from the noise of traffic in this country, but our streets are quiet compared with those of Madras. The latest fashion there is for brass gongs on the carriages. They are principally to be found on the carriages of wealthy natives, and are worked by the foot of the driver.

It is only within the last few months that they have appeared, but already they are to be heard everywhere in the city at all hours of the day and night. Hideous and ear-splitting, their sudden loud clanging as one carriage passes another is enough to frighten the quietest horse, especially at night; and peaceable carriage owners are in a constant state of dread.

## A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,  
Then, hey! for boot and spur, lad,  
And round the world away!  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown,  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down,  
Creep home and take your place there  
The spent and maimed among,  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley.

the winds, almost dived through the group at the door. He was at once followed by Mr. Tredgold, but Mr. Stobell, black with wrath, paused in the doorway. "Fetch 'em out," vociferated the old gentleman, as the landlord barred the doorway with his arms. "Fetch that red-whiskered one out, and I'll eat him."

"What's the matter, Mr. Todd?" inquired the landlord, with a glance at the infuriated old man.

"Done!" repeated the excitable Mr. Todd. "Done!" They came walking on to my wharf as if the place—



The wrath of Mr. Todd.

[From "Dialstone Lane" (Newnes).]

Fetch him out," he bawled, breaking off suddenly. "Fetch him out, and I'll skin him alive."

"Did you offer him the seventy?" inquired Captain Brisket, turning to Mr. Tredgold.

"I did," said Mr. Chalk, plaintively. "Ah," said the captain, regarding him thoughtfully, "perhaps you ought to have made it eighty. He's asking eight hundred for it, I understand."

After that the adventurers left Brisket to do the job. A book like this does one good in dull weather.

Many a fireside party will look up, astonished, during the next few weeks, to find out what is sending one of their number into suppressed convulsions. It is certain to be "Dialstone Lane."

## 80,000,000 GIVING THANKS.

American Thanksgiving Day Celebrated Yesterday All Over the World.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving Day in the United States, a day on which the 80,000,000 of the American race are called upon by proclamation to express its gratitude to God for all the blessings of the past year.

It is one of the six great American holidays of the year. The first is New Year's Day, then come Washington's birthday in February; Decoration Day in April, when the graves of the soldiers who fell in the Civil War are decorated; the Fourth of July, which is Independence Day; Thanksgiving Day; and, lastly, Christmas Day.

Thanksgiving Day is almost as much of a festival as Christmas Day. Families reunite. Everyone eats turkey and cranberry sauce. It is a day given over to merry-making and domestic joy. It was established by the Pilgrim Fathers as a substitute for Christmas, which was too "Popish" for their Puritan tastes. Their descendants wisely celebrate both occasions.

Ever since the seventeenth century this annual custom of thanking God for His mercies has been kept up. Wherever Americans are they obey the President's proclamation. They may not gather in several places of worship or in their homes to give thanks devoutly, but they observe it as a day of festival, and never, if they can help it, omit the turkey and cranberry sauce.

## THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON.

The San Carlo company are finishing their season at Covent Garden in brilliant fashion. Last night a revival of Verdi's "Otello," that creation of the Italian composer in his old age, took place. The cast included Mme. Giachetti, as Desdemona, M. Duc, as Otello, and Maurel, as Iago. A splendid performance under Signor Campanini's baton was given.

To-night the special performance for the King and Queen of Portugal will be given, and three "selections" figure in the programme.

The third act of "La Bohème" will be sung by Mmes. Alice Neilson, Trentini, and M.M. Dani and Amato. The second act of "Tosca" will be given by Mmes. Giachetti as Tosca, Desdemona as Maria, and M. Ancona as Scarpia.

Finally will be presented the third act of "Otello," with Mme. Giachetti as Desdemona, and M. Maurel as Iago.

Saturday night's performance of "Otello" finishes the company's most successful season.

## TRUE CHRISTMAS WISHES.

It would be hard to conceive a better scheme for collecting Christmas charity than that which has been inaugurated in Denmark this year. Three million Christmas cards pass through the post office each year. The idea, which has been keenly taken up, is that each sender of a card shall affix a special farthing stamp over and above the necessary postage.

The King of Denmark has given his hearty assent to the scheme, and the money so collected is to be used to found a consumption hospital for children.



## HORSES AND THE FROST.

All this morning I have been watching the poor horses struggling along the frozen road-surface.

It is a monstrous shame to send horses out with heavy loads in such weather. I hope the R.S.P.C.A. had some inspectors about.

Brewers' vans were numerous, laden with beer barrels. Must this nation's beer-swilling habits bear hardly even upon our horses?

Eaton-square, Nov. 24. MAUD HARDY.

## "RUINED BY A TREE."

Trusting that you will get up a subscription for that poor old man at Rosebridge Cottage, Streatham—mentioned in the *Daily Mirror* of November 23, I am sending you a cheque for 30s. towards it—Yours truly, (Mrs.) S. M. HUNT.

Delta, 68, Plaistow-lane, Bromley, Kent.  
[Cheque forwarded to William Davies, the old man in question.—Ed. D.M.]

## SUBMARINES.

There is a long, rambling article in the "Times" to-day urging the Admiralty to give the public some information about submarines.

I sincerely hope the Admiralty will not do anything of the kind. Why should we let foreign nations know what we are doing?

If the nation does not trust the present Admiralty let it say so and make a change. If it has trust let it leave our naval experts alone.

RETIRED COMMANDER, R.N.

Army and Navy Club, Nov. 24.

## OVER-CROWDED TRAINS.

I was mightily pleased to read your admirable remarks on this matter.

Things are so bad already that the nuisance really could not be increased, unless, indeed, the racks overhead were given up to passengers instead of their luggage. The question is, how long is the nuisance to be tolerated?

I write with no animus against the G.E.R. I give them credit of being the most punctual line I ever had dealings with. This should be regarded as a mercy, for I really believe, if the Yarmouth fish style of packing passengers were combined with indifference to speedy delivery, cases of being smothered to death would be quite common.

AN LLEFORD MAN.

## OUR BAREFOOT CHILDREN.

32,000 Pairs of Boots Wanted. Will You Help the Good Work?

Daylight—if the hazy light of a foggy London morning can be called daylight—has hardly struggled into the dark corners of the evil court where hundreds of London's poorest wretches hide. The snow is still swirling steadily down, turning to black and icy slush on the filthy flags of the court. The crowd of outcasts are just rousing to another hopeless day.

Small smites of children, blue with the cold which strikes through the thin ragged clothes and freezes their bootless feet, are wistfully hoping for breakfast, even if it is only the stalest crust. Not many of them are to have even that preparation for the day.

And the day for these poor, starving little ones must start early. First, there is almost a full day's work to be done, and then school must be attended. Perhaps there is the family corner barrow to be pushed to Covent Garden, the blue little feet, aching with cold, paddling through the bitter slush. Perhaps there is a penny or so to be earned by sweeping the snow from a doorstep. That may mean breakfast—a day to be remembered—but often the hours of search bring no reward.

The hours of school come next. The warm rooms are comfortable after the bitter cold, but it is, oh, such hungry work without any breakfast, and the poor little feet burn and throb as the blood flows once more into the frozen veins.

## THEIR GREATEST HOPE.

The little heads nod—it is so hard to be attentive. What is that the teacher is saying? Boots! Oh, for a pair of nice, thick, warm boots! Who would mind the cold and the freezing slush, with a good pair of boots?

Yes, the teacher was talking of boots. Every poor barefooted mite may hope soon to have the longed-for boots. The "Evening News" has taken up the cause of London's barefooted children.

Paddling about on London's pavement are 32,000 children who are either refused or too poor to buy boots that are worse than useless. To shoe them will cost 3s. each, but the "Evening News" is hard at work on the task. Already 2,000 pairs of boots have been ordered at the expense of the paper, and subscriptions are pouring in from readers' anxious to do their share in the good work. Will you help? There is lots more money wanted yet.

For 3s. you ensure that one child at least will be kept warm through all the biting winter. Surely that is not much to give.

Mark your letters "Boot Fund," and address them to the "Evening News," 3, Carnarvon House, E.C.4, or, if more convenient, leave your subscription there yourself. Both the paper and London's bootless little ones will thank you.



The sea-captain and his dupes.

[From "Dialstone Lane" (Newnes).]

we seem often to have met before in different circumstances but with the same wiles.

This time they go off on a crazy search for hidden treasure, provoked thereby by the malicious humour of the retired sea-captain, who has Munchausen-like propensities. The negotiations for the purchase of their vessel nearly lead to violence. In a quayside public-house they fall in with a certain Captain Brisket, one of Mr. Jacobs's most

## HAPPY PORTUGAL.

A Veritable Paradise for Those of a Slender Purse.

For anyone with a limited income and an unlimited capacity for enjoyment the country of Dom Carlos is the best in Europe. Living is cheap. For thirty shillings a week you can stay at the best "native" hotels, getting your wines gratis and ad lib, and all the luscious fruits of Lusitania. Three pounds a week is sufficient to enable any unmarried man to live like a prince.

Life in Portugal is gay. Dom Carlos's subjects are great smokers and great gamblers. Lisbon and Oporto contain hundreds of gaming-houses at which roulette and "monte" are played feverishly. Oporto has a whole street of gaming-houses, and, walking down it, you hear the roulette wheels humming and the money clinking all the night.

The climate is ideal. Portugal is famed for its flowers. The Tagus and the Douro are two of the most beautiful rivers in Europe. Moreover, there is a great English colony, which is extremely popular. Both Lisbon and Oporto have large English clubs; and cricket excites almost as much interest among the Portuguese as do their own sports.

"Little Mary" is not neglected. Among Portuguese the most popular dish is "bacalhão," or salted cod, which is brought direct from Newfoundland in small sailing boats.

"Lampreias," or lampreys, are another favourite dish. Served with rich brown sauce they are delicious. Another native delicacy is octopus, the suckers of which are known as "button." The Portuguese do all their cooking with butter, and in their general methods are more French than the French. They are masters of the art of making soufflés. Their coffee is as good as that of France, and their breakfast (invariably tender) better even than that of England.

## ABSENT-MINDED PASSENGERS.

One can understand a man forgetting his umbrella in a train, but it is hard to see how seventy-two men left trousers in compartments on the Great Northern Railway during the past year.

The extraordinary number of things left behind are surprising enough—there were 2,200 umbrellas, 830 hats, 2,500 gloves, 580 boots, 280 brushes and combs—but they are quite eclipsed by the strange nature of some of the losses.

"An antique battleaxe and three guns" was one find made by an astonished porter.



# WHAT TO DO TO KEEP WELL IN COLD WINTER WEATHER.

## SENSIBLE HEALTH HINTS.

### CUT THESE RECIPES OUT AND KEEP THEM.

The good housewife adapts the daily menu she gives to her family according to the weather. During cold as acute as we are enduring at present fat meat, hot soups, suet puddings, and a cup of hot milk for each child before it goes to bed should be included in the list of foods for the day.

Children and anyone with a consumptive tendency should take cream in cold weather. It is found to answer the purpose of cod-liver oil for those who cannot digest that remedy.

Supposing symptoms of a cold in the head should occur, take sixty drops of sal volatile in water as hot as it can be borne without hurting the mouth and throat. Another very excellent cure for a cold or the alleviation of one that is well asserted, is a glass of hot lemonade made of fresh lemon juice and boiling water, sweetened with honey. Honey, slowly eaten, is excellent for a cough.

#### To Alleviate a Cold.

Go to bed with a little eucalyptus oil upon an old handkerchief, or with a saucerful of the same on a table by the bed. Unconsciously inhaling this during the night will ward off a cold or effect a cure when the cold is developed.

Sufferers from cold feet at night may be kept awake by them. To warm the feet before retiring have two basins of water in the room, one filled with quite cold water, and the other with water as hot as can be borne. Soak the feet in the hot water first and then plunge them into the cold water. Repeat this several times, dry the feet completely with a rough towel, put on bed-socks, and go to bed immediately. A hot-water bottle may be added to complete the cure.

#### Toothache and Neuralgia.

When toothache occurs in very cold weather, as it very often does, a visit to the dentist should be immediately paid. But should it come on at night it is a good plan to take a hot-water bottle and to apply it to the affected part. Very often sleep will ensue and the pain will be arrested by the time the patient awakes. Neuralgia will often disappear after being treated in the same way, and should it be possible to procure a bag filled with hot salt or bran this will retain its heat much longer than the hot-water bottle will.

#### Baccho and Chilblains.

Children who suffer from baccho may have a little warm salad oil dropped into the ear from a spoon. Be absolutely certain that the oil is only of milk heat, for if it is too hot it will cause intense pain and be very bad for the ear. The way to drop it into the ear is to make the child rest his head on a pillow so that the affected ear is uppermost, and there he should stay until the oil has had time to permeate the suffering part.

When the first symptoms of chilblains are noticed apply turpentine to the afflicted part, and try if possible to keep the hands and feet warm, though they should not be held close to the fire. Wear mittens to keep the hands warm, and light-weight woollen stockings.

#### An Attack of Croup.

A baby attacked by croup is a cause of the utmost alarm to his mother or nurse. A doctor should be sent for, but meanwhile the mother may wring out flannels in very hot water and place them on the child's throat, changing them often so as to keep

them hot. A small baby may be entirely wrapped up in a blanket wrung out of water as hot as it can be borne. A bronchitis kettle should be set to work in the room, and the child's breathing will be probably very quickly alleviated if a tent is made over his crib with a sheet, or even an open umbrella covered with a large sheet and the steaming kettle be placed so that the child may inhale

## UNFAILING INDICATORS.

### FACTS TOLD BY THE FINGER-NAILS.

One who makes a close study of the finger-nails will find many curious facts about them to excite his wonder and interest, says an expert on such

A pretty house-gown for the dreary afternoons of winter. It is made of rose-red cashmere, with darker velvet trimmings upon the bodice and showers of lace on the sleeves.



the steam from it. If a regular bronchitis kettle is not available, an ordinary one from the kitchen will answer the purpose.

matters, but none more so than the stories of physical condition told by their growth.

The nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one-sixteenth of an inch each week, slightly more than many authorities believe, but during illness, or after an accident, or during times of mental depression, the growth is not only affected and retarded so far as its length is concerned, but also with regard to its thickness. The very slightest illness will thus leave an indelible mark on the nails, which may be readily detected as the nail grows out.

If one has a sudden attack, such as acute rheumatism, which sends the temperature bounding upwards within the space of two or three hours, it will be found on the nails, indicating the difference in thickness of growth between the time when health was enjoyed and the thin growth of the period of ill-health.

#### Nails Mark Depression.

If the illness is one that comes gradually, like typhoid fever, for example, instead of a ridge, a gentle incline will appear on the nails. Should one have an arm broken the thick ridge can be seen only on the fingers of the one hand, but in all cases of general ill-health the ridge or slope appears on the fingers of both hands. When one has passed through a period of extreme excitement or mental depression the fact will be imprinted on the nails with an abrupt ridge or a gentle slope, according to the acuteness of the mental influence upon them.

In no instance can the marks of illness, accident, or mental condition be clearly seen on the nail until after the growth has carried the line beyond the white or half-moon portion of it, but a week or two subsequent to any of these happenings the ridge or slope may be found on the nails, usually readily visible to the eyes; but if not, the mark may be found by running the tip of the finger down any of the nails.

## A COOKING SECRET.

### SUET THAT KEEPS GOOD A YEAR.

Now that every good housewife is making her mincemeat and puddings for Christmas a good supply of fresh beef suet is one of the most important necessities of the occasion, but one, nevertheless, that cannot always be obtained. A very excellent substitute that really possesses great advantages over raw suet is called "Atora," and is made by Messrs. Hugon and Co., Ltd., Pendleton, Manchester, though it will, of course, be supplied by any grocer.

"Atora" beef suet is fresh English beef suet which has been submitted by the manufacturer to a special refining process, the result of which is an article entirely free from tissue, water, and all impurities. If kept in a cool and dry place and excluded from air and light as much as possible "Atora" will remain fresh and sweet from six to twelve months, thus being always at hand when required. It replaces cooking butter and lard for all purposes, is guaranteed absolutely pure, with nothing whatever mixed with it, and no preservatives added to it. It is also more economical than raw suet, and is no less remarkable as a time and labour saving attribute of cooking, for instead of requiring troublesome chopping it can be fluted with a knife with great facility.

## DISCOVERIES.

For washing silk handkerchiefs borax may be used instead of soap with good results, and also for washing woollen fabrics, in the proportion of one tablespoonful of borax to one gallon of water.

The following method will be found an effective one for cleaning bronze. Dust it carefully first, then wipe it with a soft cloth which has been slightly moistened with sweet oil, and finally polish it with a very soft chamois leather.

To stone raisins, freeze them from water, place them in a bowl, cover them with water that is actually boiling, and let them stand in it for two minutes. Then pour off the water and open the raisins, when the seeds may be quickly removed.

A child who has convulsions should be put immediately into a hot bath, to which some mustard has been added. A cloth wrung out of cold water and changed as soon as it gets hot should be wrapped about his head, and after he has been sponged well in the bath roll him in a blanket and try to get him to sleep. Should another convulsion occur after this process the same treatment should be repeated.

## FOOD CURES.

### How Physicians Can Cure Even Bright's Disease by Use of Right Food.

A Manitoba trip taught two women something valuable through a wise physician of Brandon. One of them says:

"I had been so troubled for years with my stomach that I could not eat meat and fruit on the same day, and suffered if I ate anything more than a little stale bread and butter, and was so thin people thought I was going to die."

"I had often seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but had never tried the food until last August; my sister went out to Manitoba to visit another sister and learned that our sister's little boy, who is seven years of age, had taken Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and that his family physician gave them no hopes of his recovery. His parents then took him to Brandon, twenty miles distant, and the physician there told him he would undertake to cure him if no food but Grape-Nuts were given him, as no other food would agree with his medicine or help to overcome the disease."

"The child has lived entirely on Grape-Nuts for one year and a half, and is entirely well, a strong, sturdy boy. The visiting sister was in poor health when she went out to Manitoba, but the Grape-Nuts she learned to eat there sent her back home well and strong, and when she came home she told me about them and I got some."

"I learned that I could not only digest the Grape-Nuts perfectly, but if I took a spoonful of Grape-Nuts in my mouth, I could take a mouthful of potatoes and meat along with it, and everything the Grape-Nuts mixed with in that way I could digest but not otherwise, and the result was I was soon like a girl of twenty years instead of an old woman. My face got plumper, and I know now what joy there is in being able to eat right food."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Company, 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

Physicians say Grape-Nuts is the most scientific food in the world. There's a reason. Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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# Nervous Disorders

## Brain and Nerve Power Restored by Bishop's Tonules

The number of nervous disorders is almost unlimited. They show their presence by lassitude, depression, fatigue, inability to concentrate the attention, impaired mental and nervous vitality, general debility, nervous exhaustion, and in innumerable other directions. If the progress of the trouble be unchecked, graver signs of nerve derangement will appear.

Stop the trouble at the start. Arrest the process of nervous exhaustion before it goes further. Restore your nerves now. You can do this by taking Bishop's Tonules, which will soon pull you together and put new life into your whole system. When Bishop's Tonules are used the appetite is improved, the food is better assimilated, the liver is stimulated, the flow of bile is increased, and fresh nerve tissue is soon made. That nerve restoration follows the use of Bishop's Tonules is proved by the experience of thousands.

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug Store for 2s. 6d. per trial (containing 14 days' treatment) or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, for 2s. 10d. post free. Procure a supply today and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

J. B. writes:—"I took Bishop's Tonules for a relapse after influenza, and they did all you claim for them." B. H. writes:—"I have now gone through a fortnight's course of Bishop's Tonules with great benefit. I was suffering from great nervousness and depression, which have now almost disappeared, especially the latter." S. H. S. writes:—"Bishop's Tonules for nervous weakness and brain fatigue are doing my husband good." H. T. writes:—"Bishop's Tonules have made quite a new man of me."



# The Opinion of the Nursery

If your child takes a medicine sure it has gone a quarter of to a cure! If you have to medicine down your child's chances of a cure are not good. The frank opinion of the therefore is worth having as children's remedies. The frank every nursery where EMULSION has been favourable to Scott's. In these nurseries Scott's Emulsion is known as a remedy children take with pleasure, mothers delight to give, and nurses and Scott's Emulsion does not fail in children's lungs, blood and bones (also it saves all The Head of a Nursery gives this nursery Emulsion in a case of two nursery terrors—bronchitis. The letter written April 28th, 1904, Salter, 17, Bridge Road West, Battersea, gratitude I write to tell you of the complete boy from whooping cough and bronchitis Emulsion. He could not take plain cod so thankful to the doctor when he advised Scott's Emulsion. It has done wonders in his case he is now quite well. There was no trouble about giving it to him, he took it with pleasure."

[The Picture is that of Master EDWARD SALTER.]

## Scott's Emulsion

is the best friend next to its mother that a child ever has! When your little one is not well it may help your child to a cure to remember that Scott's Emulsion is an every-day remedy in over 300 hospitals and Sanatoria, that it is quite cordially recommended by more than 1800 certificated nurses, and is constantly prescribed by over 5000 medical men. [The letters recording these facts can be inspected]. If, however, you prefer to obtain first the frank opinion of your nursery, send 4d. (for postage) to Scott & Bowne, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., name this paper and you will receive a free sample bottle with which to test the matter, and "The Spirit of the Sunshine," which will amuse your little ones for hours at a time!

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GENERAL (disengaged); 18; over two years' ref.—8, Escherd, New Ferry, Cheshire.

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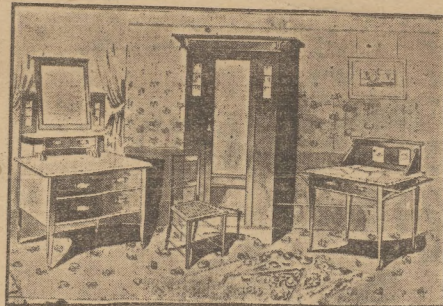
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